

MARVEL[®]
GRAPHIC NOVEL
M

MARVEL

DAREDEVIL BLACK WIDOW

ABATTOIR

JIM STARLIN

JOE CHIDO



JIM STARLIN

writer

JOE CHIDO

artist

JANICE CHIANG

letterer

TOP-SECRET

Black Widow



SHIELD – TOP SECRET – SHIELD

Subject: Natalia (Natasha) Romanova
Code name: Black Widow
Height: 5'7"
Weight: 125 lbs.
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Red-auburn (sometimes dyed black)

Status: Former KGB agent, defected to the United States; on extended visa (SHIELD authorization). One-time Avenger and Champion. Currently part-time SHIELD intelligence agent (inactive status). Requested indefinite leave of absence due to duty-related stress. It is believed that a certain amount of dissatisfaction with current SHIELD operations and methods contributed to this decision.

Base of operations: Mobile, Alabama and New York, New York.

Known associates: Hawkeye, former paramour. Daredevil, fellow adventurer, possibly linked romantically.

Abilities: Gymnast, master at Karate, judo, akido, savate and boxing. Proficient in the use of most modern firearms, though she seldom uses them. Prefers wristlet weapons of her own design and construction. Weapon modified to fit occasion.

*Contact
N.R. on CB*



TOP-SECRET

Daredevil

SHIELD – TOP SECRET – SHIELD

Subject: Daredevil
Code Name: None
Height: 6'0"
Weight: 200 lbs.
Eyes: Unknown
Hair: Unknown

Status: Lone adventurer, though has been associated with several groups of paranormals: Avengers, Fantastic Four, Defenders, etc. Currently appears to be concentrating his crime-fighting efforts on organized and street-level crime, with only occasional run-ins with criminals classified as super villains.

Base of operations: New York City's Hell's Kitchen. Daredevil has apparently taken this troubled section of town under his wing and become its unofficial protector.

Known associates: Elektra (deceased), possible love interest.
Natalia (Natasha) Romanova/Black Widow, fellow adventurer and perhaps lover.
Matthew Michael Murdock, blind friend and disbarred attorney.

Abilities: Apparently has no so-called super powers, though runs with the crowd where those abilities are common. Olympic-class athlete and gymnast. Appears to be a master of a variety of martial arts, but a strict adherent to no one discipline. Only weapon subject appears to use is a billy-club affair that has some kind of grappling hook/line apparatus incorporated into it.

Side note: Several agents who have seen the subject in action — performing seemingly impossible physical feats — have hypothesized that Daredevil may have inhumanly keen senses. (Drug induced? Results of some unknown martial arts training? Mutation?) Further investigation along these lines is recommended.

*Side Note pretty
barfetched. What've
those research boys
been smoking?
Nick
Fury*



I'VE BEEN THINKING A LOT
ABOUT **LIFE** AND **DEATH**
DURING THE PAST TWELVE
HOURS.

WHEN SOMETHING
SURROUNDS AND **MADLY**
ENGULFS YOUR ENTIRE
EXISTENCE, YOU CAN'T
HELP BUT GIVE IT MORE
THAN JUST CASUAL
CONSIDERATION.



LIFE IS FLUID.



SOME 90% OF
WHAT WE ARE IS
MADE UP OF
WATER.



WITHOUT
THIS PRECIOUS
LIQUID WE ARE
NOTHING.



WE CEASE
TO EXIST.



WE'RE DEAD.



THIS
WATER'S
CARRIED
AROUND IN
THIN-
SKINNED
SACKS.



WE MUST ALL BE
INSANE TO RACE
RECKLESSLY
ABOUT...



...IN A WORLD
FILLED WITH SO
MANY SHARP
AND POINTED
DANGERS.



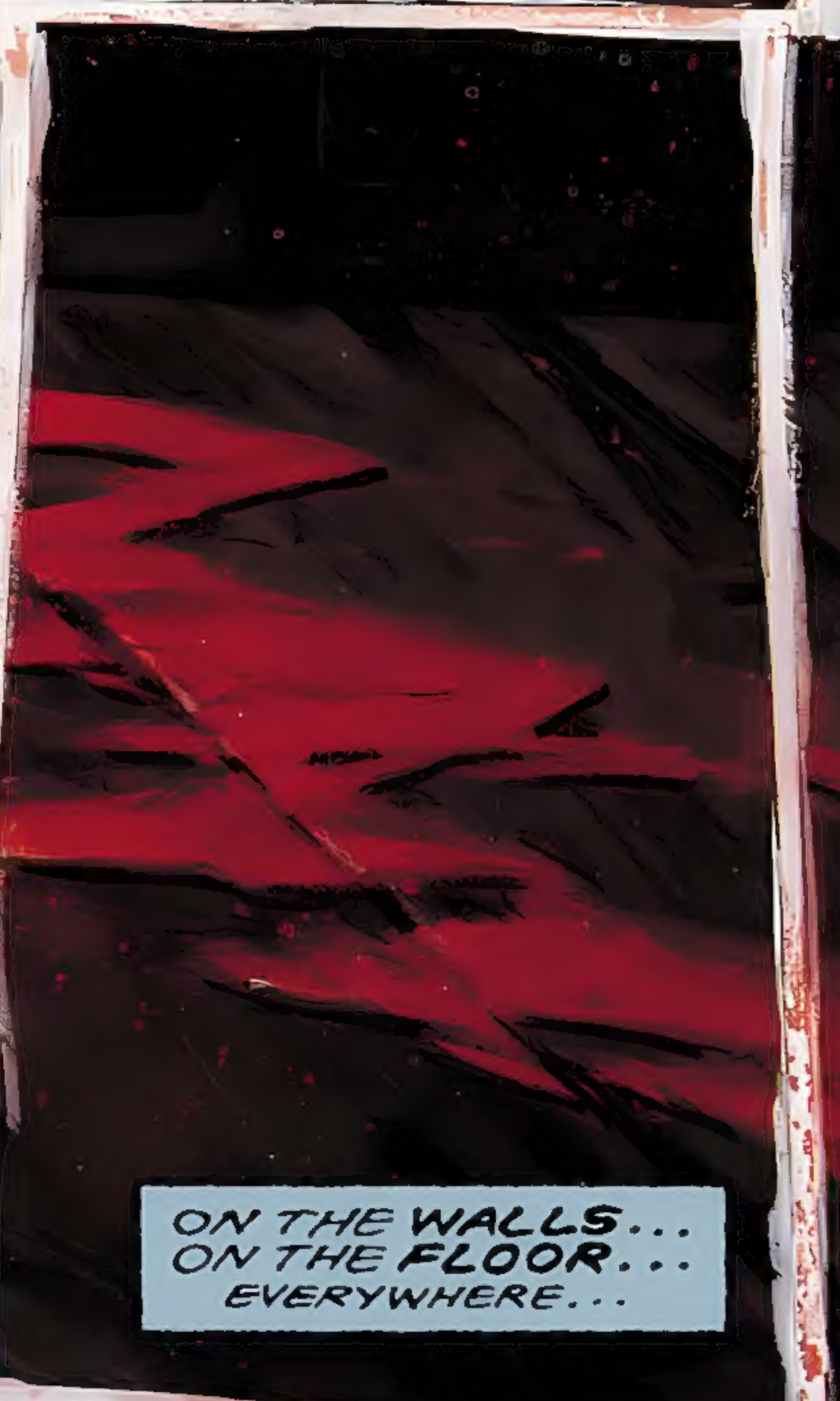
THAT'S JUST
ASKING FOR
TROUBLE.



THIS PLACE IS
THOROUGHLY
DRENCHED
IN PRECIOUS
FLUIDS.



THE WATERS OF
LIFE ARE
EVERYWHERE.



ON THE WALLS...
ON THE FLOOR...
EVERYWHERE...



SO WHY DOES
THE PLACE SMELL
SO OF DEATH?

I KNOW I'M LOSING
IT. CAN'T HELP IT.

IT'S JUST THAT I'VE SPENT
THE LAST HALF DAY
HELPLESSLY WATCHING
SHIELD AGENT WILSON
BEING SLOWLY AND
SADISTICALLY BUTCHERED.

ALL DONE,
CHARLIE
HONEY?

TIME **ROSIE**
FINALLY GOT
HER LICKS IN.

I NEVER TRULY
KNEW SUCH INHUMAN
DEPRAVITY WAS
POSSIBLE.

THAT KIND OF
HORROR WARPS
REALITY, MAKES
YOU **STUPID**
WITH TERROR.

IT'S THE
NIGHTMARE HOUR IN
ROSE'S FUN-TIME
SLAUGHTERHOUSE.

ROSE'S *LITTLE*
MAN IS ALL *TUCKERED*
OUT, AIN'T HE?

YOU DID
GOOD, CHARLIE.
A REAL
MASTERPIECE.

CHARLIE KNOWS
THE *ART*. NO ONE
DOES IT *BETTER*.

SLEEP
TIGHT,
SUGAR.

♪ *SEENIE, MEANIE,*
MINIE MO
WHO WILL
BE NEXT
ONE TO
GO? ♪

MAMMA
SAYS IT'S
AGENT
TURN TO
PLAY!

NO!

GET
AWAY
FROM HIM,
YOU
MANIAC!!

I RECOGNIZE A *FUTILE*
GESTURE WHEN I
INDULGE IN ONE, BUT
I TRY ANYHOW.

RED, TEMPER
TANTRUMS AND
BAD MANNERS
WILL GET YOU
NOWHERE.

NOWHERE
BUT...

and PATIENCE!



MY WORLD GOES CRIMSON.

BEEN HANGING TOO LONG.

NO STAMINA LEFT.

I TUMBLE OUT OF MY WORLD AND INTO MEMORY.

DISCIPLINE.

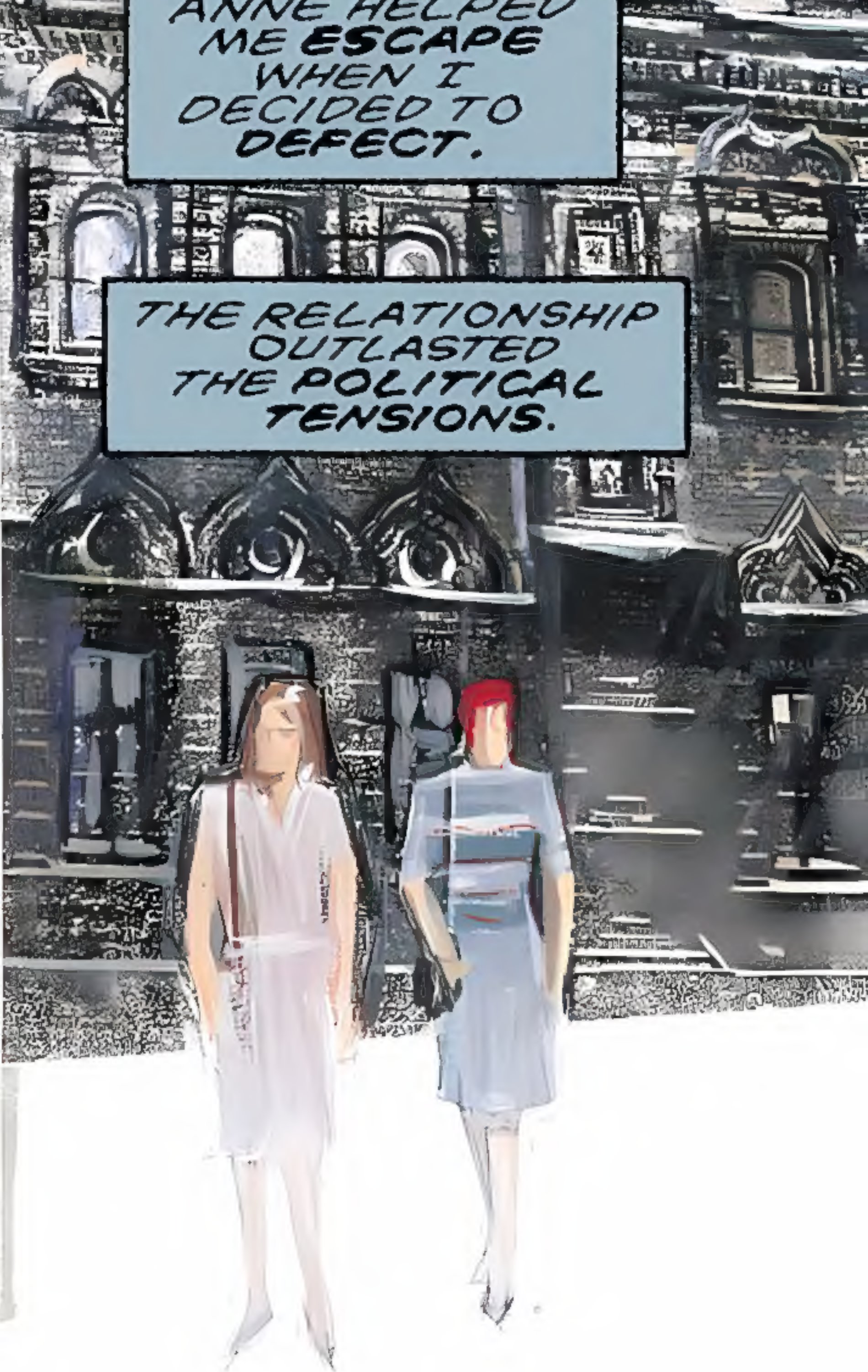
SARE THE BLADE AND SPOIL THE CHILD.

ANNE BAXTER AND I MET IN RUSSIA, BACK WHEN I WAS A SOVIET AGENT.

SHE WAS WITH THE AMERICAN EMBASSY AND, DESPITE BEING ON DIFFERENT SIDES OF THE FENCE, WE BECAME FRIENDS.

ANNE HELPED ME ESCAPE WHEN I DECIDED TO DEFECT.

THE RELATIONSHIP OUTLASTED THE POLITICAL TENSIONS.





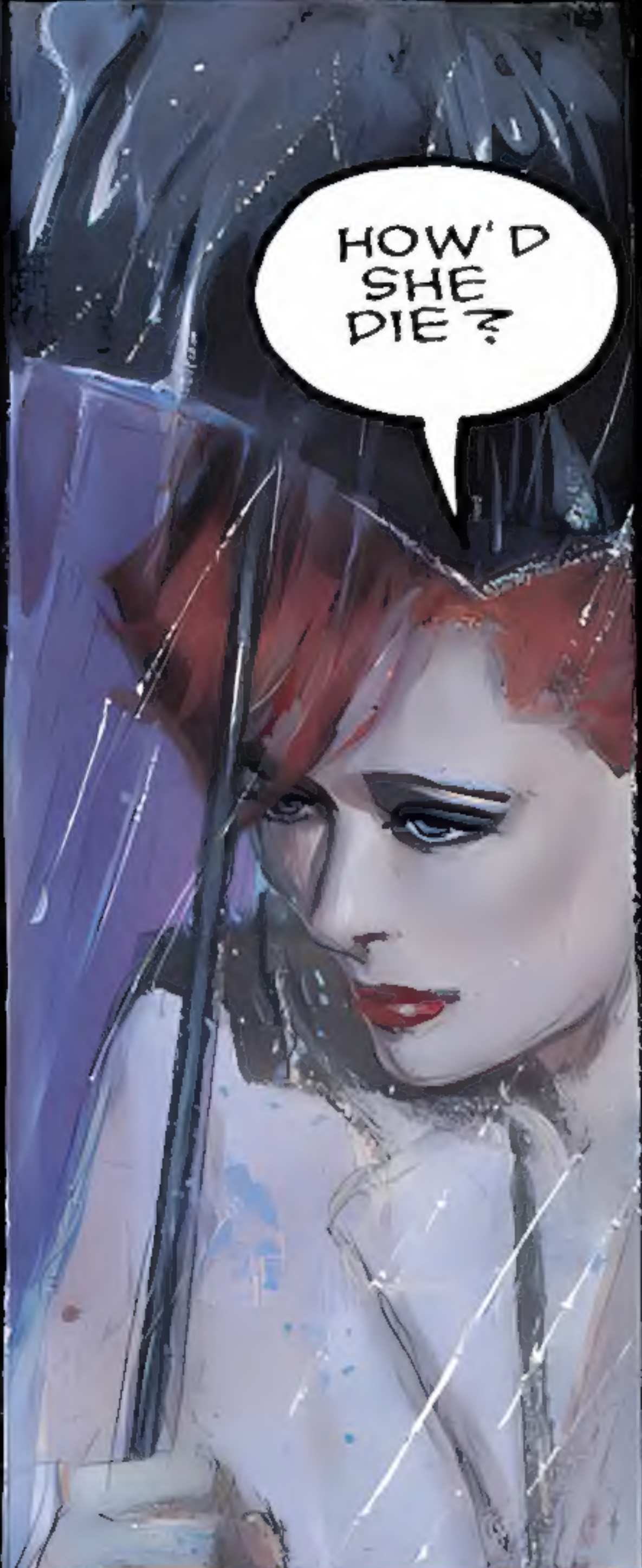
DEAD?
HOW?

MURDERED.

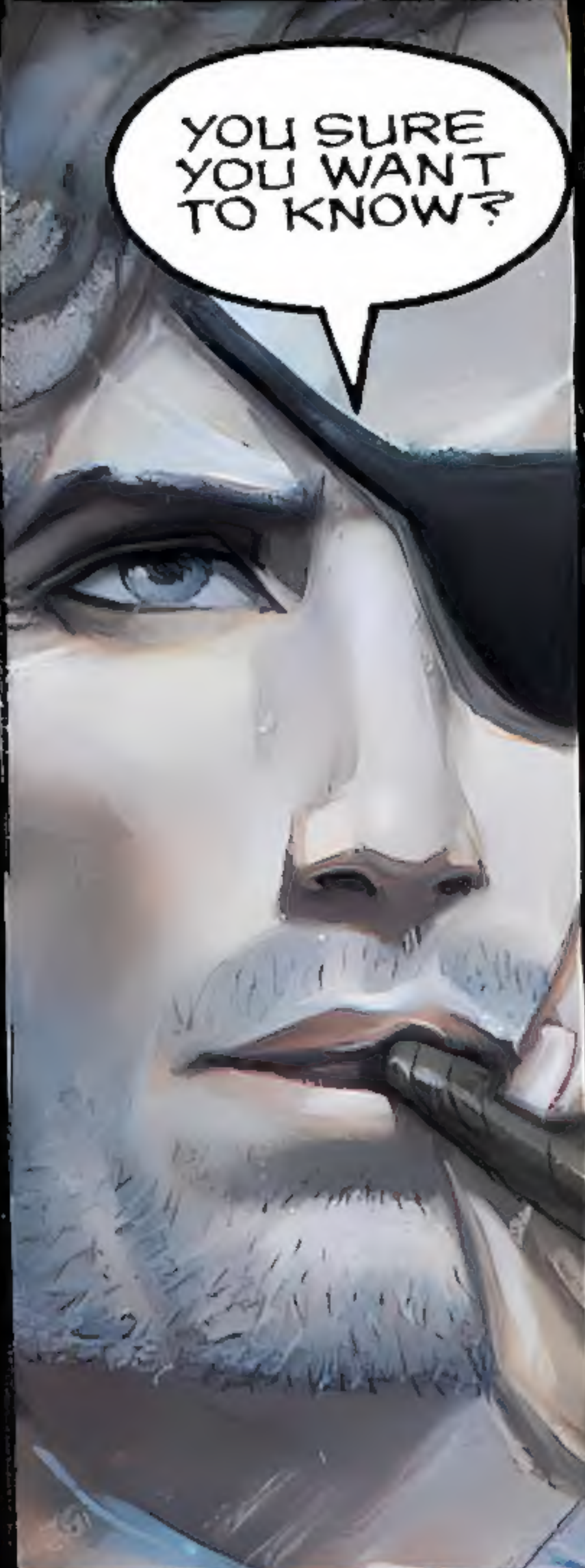
BY
WHO?



WE
DON'T
KNOW
YET.



HOW'D
SHE
DIE?



YOU SURE
YOU WANT
TO KNOW?



YES.



A KNIFE.

SOMEONE
BUTCHERED
HER.



SHE WANTED
YOU TO HAVE
THIS IF ANYTHING
EVER HAPPENED
TO HER.



FREEDOM.

DOES THIS
BIRD HAVE SOME
SPECIAL
SIGNIFICANCE?



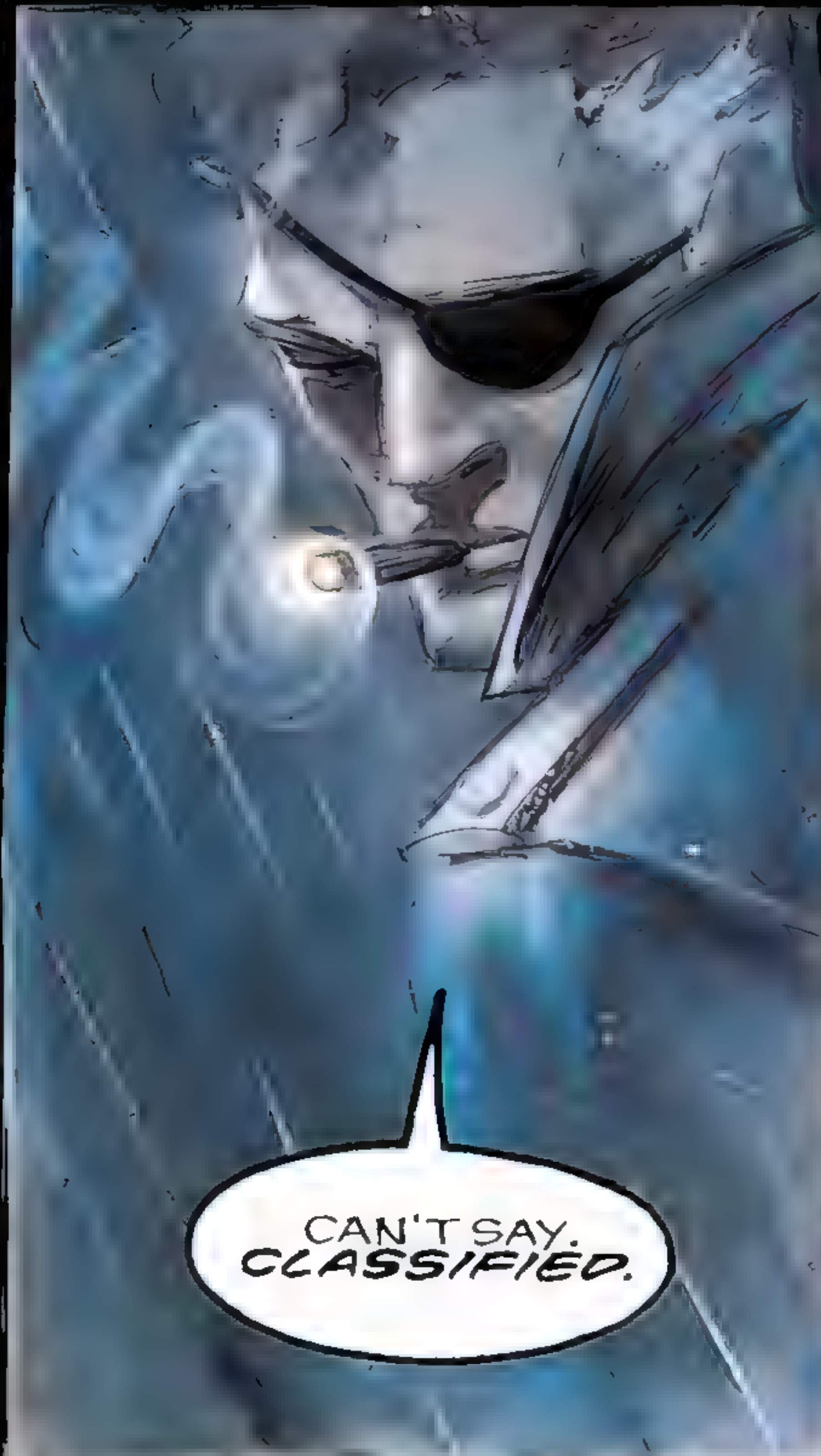
FREEDOM?

THAT'S
WHAT THE
STATUE'S
CALLED.

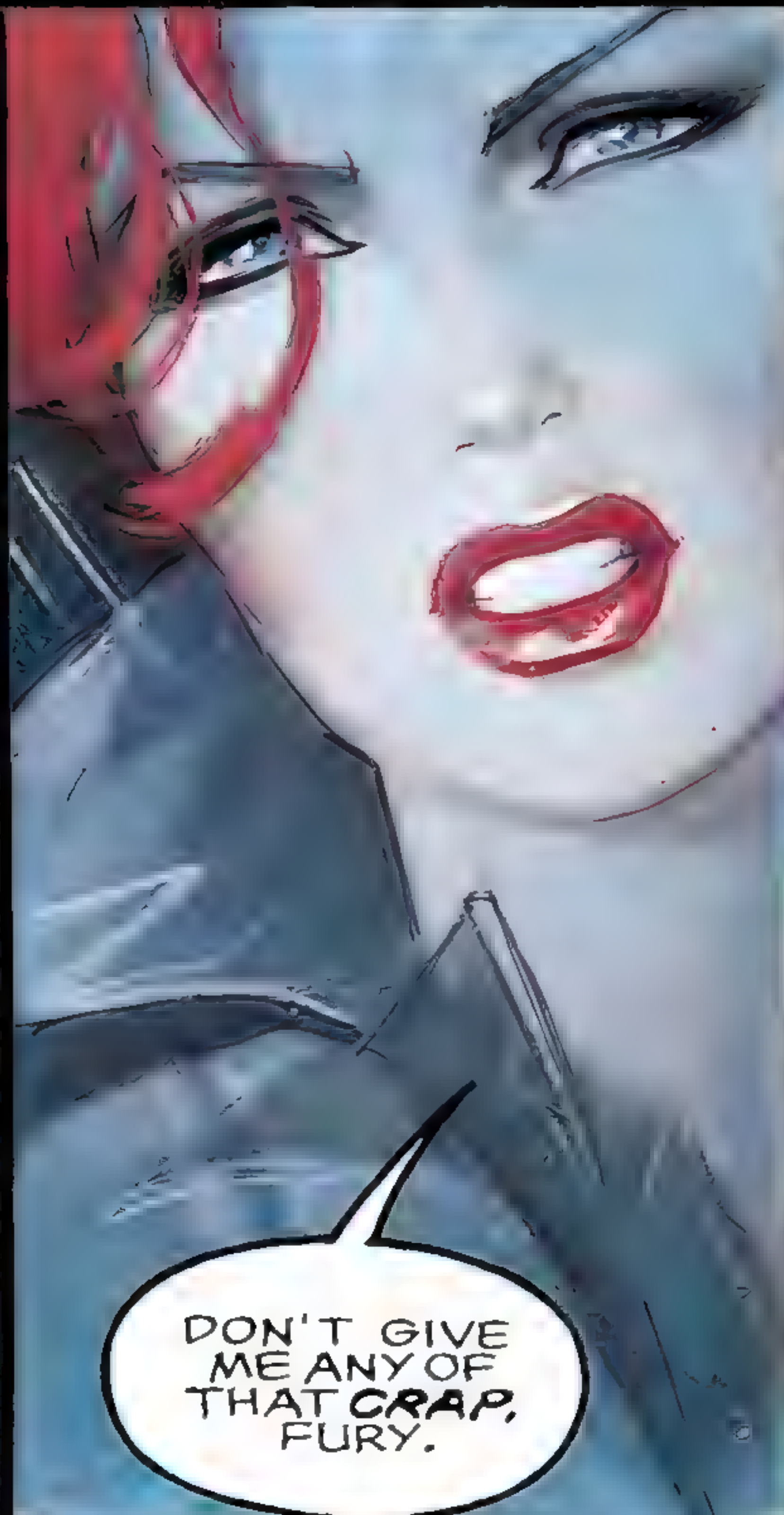


I THINK I UNDERSTAND.

WHAT WAS CHRISTINE WORKING ON?



CAN'T SAY. CLASSIFIED.



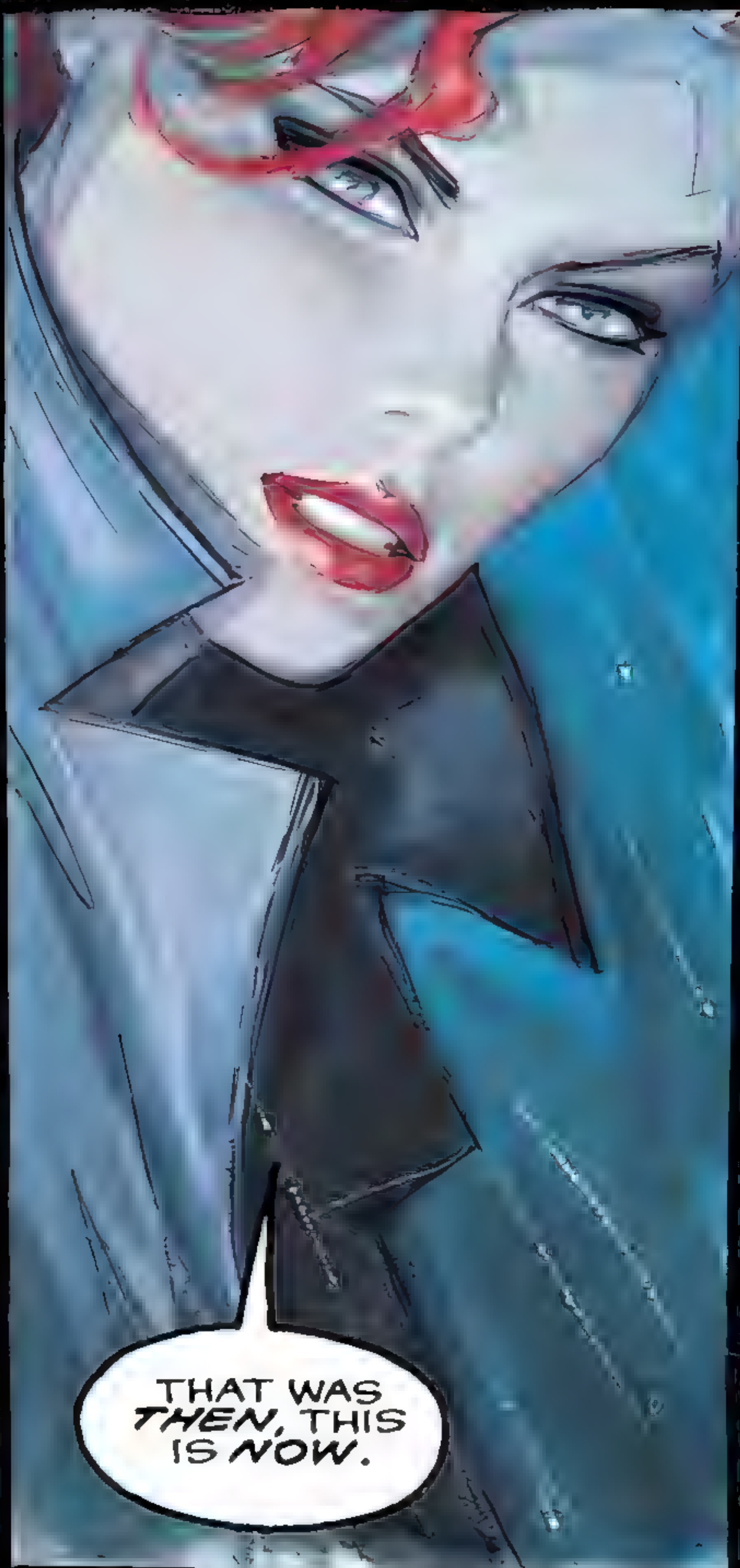
DON'T GIVE ME ANY OF THAT CRAP, FURY.



THIS IS A STRICTLY NEED-TO-KNOW **SHIELD** MATTER, TAS.

NOW IF **YOU** WERE **PART** OF THE ASSIGNMENT...

BUT YOU MADE IT **PERFECTLY CLEAR** DURING OUR LAST MEETING, YOU DON'T WORK FOR **SHIELD** ANY LONGER.



THAT WAS **THEN**, THIS IS **NOW**.

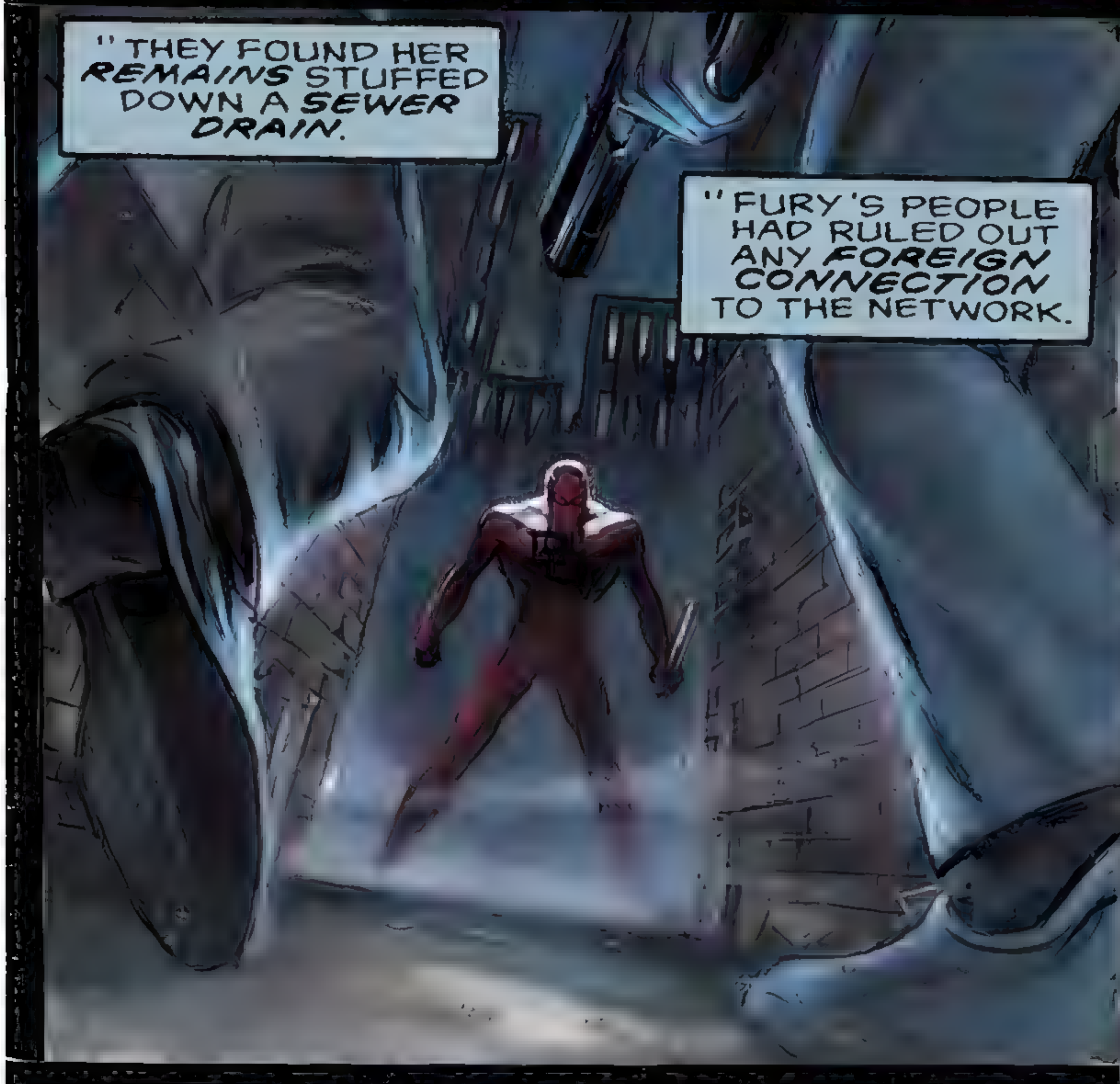


I'LL HAVE THE **CASE FILE** SENT OVER TO YOUR APARTMENT.



"THE FILE WAS **INTERESTING READING**, TO SAY THE LEAST.

"LIKE SOMETHING WRITTEN BY **STEPHEN KING**."





"EVERYTHING
POINTED TO THIS
BEING THE WORK
OF AN **AMATEUR**
PSYCHO."

"BUT THAT DIDN'T
RING TRUE WITH
ME. ONE **BIG**
HOLE IN THAT
THEORY."

"**HOW** WOULD
THE KILLER KNOW
HIS VICTIMS WERE
TELEPATHS?"

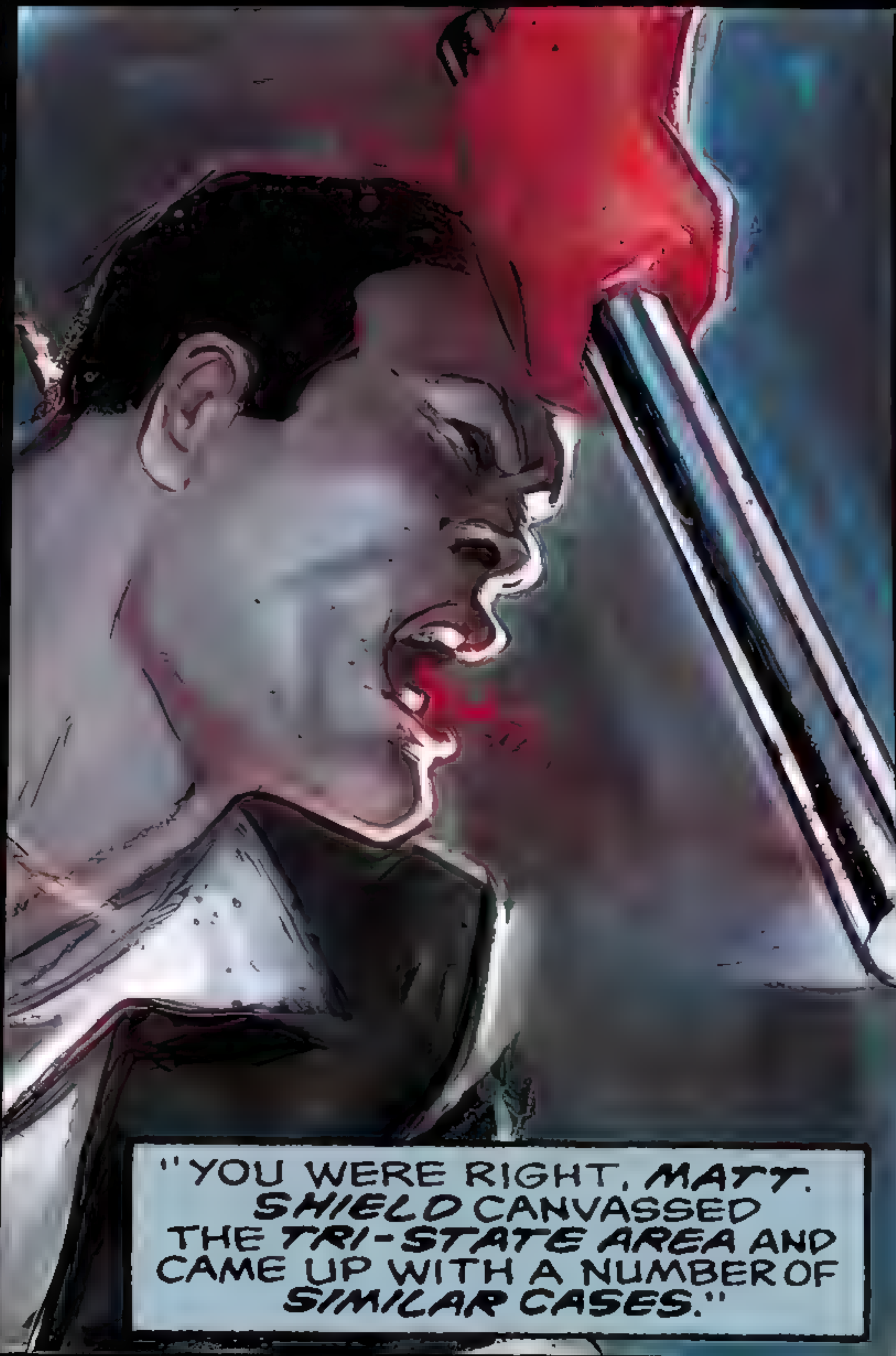
"RIGHT. THEIR
SPECIAL
ABILITIES WERE
CLASSIFIED
INFORMATION."



"THERE HAS
TO BE
SOMEONE ON
THE **INSIDE**
INVOLVED
WITH THESE
KILLINGS."

"GOOD POINT. I
KNEW CALLING YOU
IN ON THIS WOULD
BE A SMART MOVE.
FURY CAN CHECK
FOR RECENT
MURDERS WITH
THE SAME MO."

"NOT NECESSARILY,
TAS. HOW DO YOU KNOW
IT'S ONLY **GOVERNMENT**
ESPERS GETTING KILLED?"



"YOU WERE RIGHT, **MATT**.
SHIELD CANVASSED
THE **TRI-STATE** AREA AND
CAME UP WITH A NUMBER OF
SIMILAR CASES."



"HOW MANY?"



"40."

"THAT MANY...
GOOD LORD!"



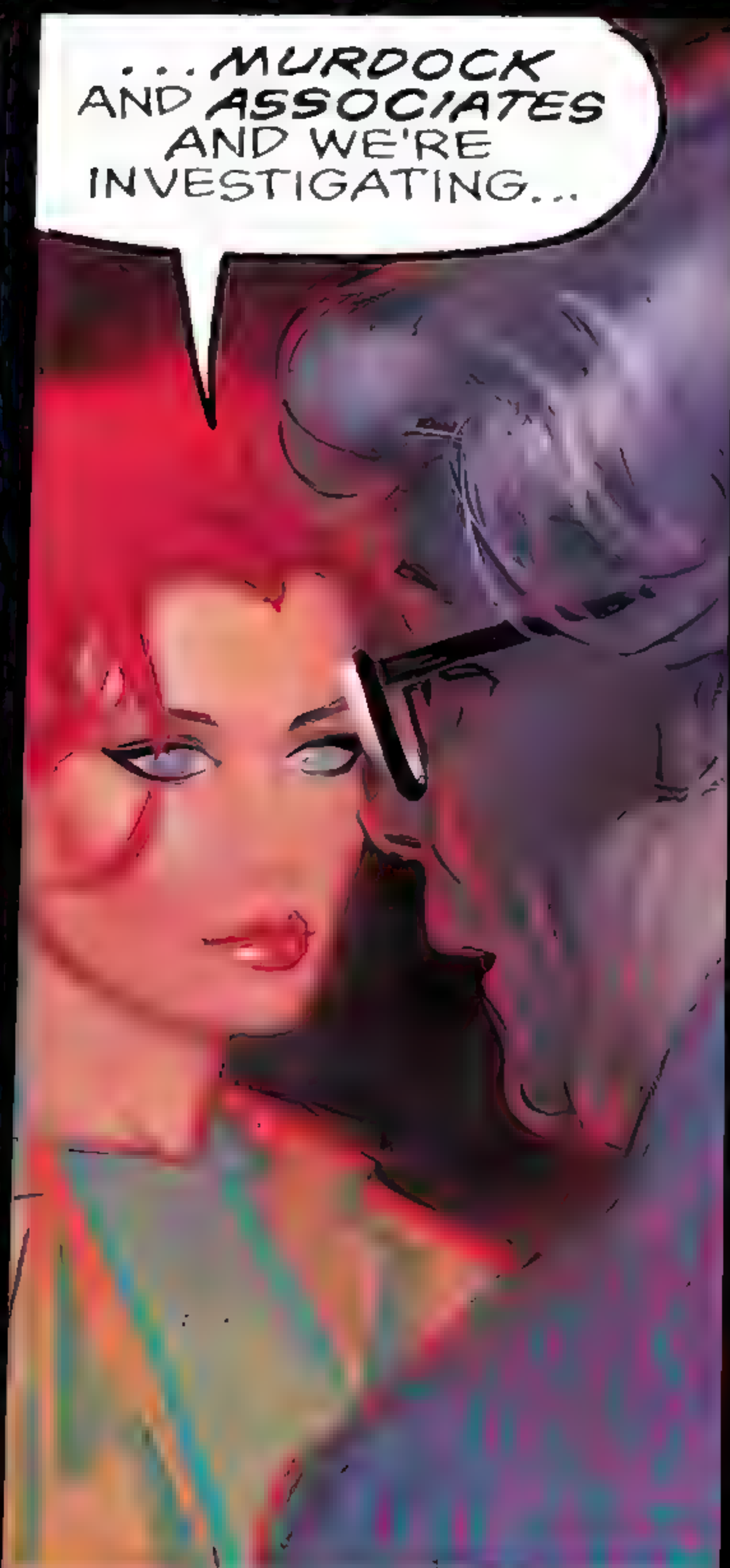
YOU FIGURE
ANY OF THE VICTIMS
MIGHT HAVE BEEN
**LATENT
TELEPATHS?**

MAYBE
ALL OF
THEM.

I FIGURE
MATT MURDOCK
AND HIS "LEGAL AID,"
NATASHA ROMANOVA,
CAN HELP US
FIND OUT.



EXCUSE ME,
MRS. WALKER.
I'M WITH...



...**MURDOCK**
AND **ASSOCIATES**
AND WE'RE
INVESTIGATING...



...THE **DEATH**
OF YOUR
DAUGHTER,
SUSAN.



COULD
YOU TELL ME
A BIT ABOUT
YOUR **SON?**



"HE WAS A
GOOD BOY,
NEVER ANY
TROUBLE.



"KIND OF
STRANGE,
SOMETIMES,
THOUGH.



"AS IF SHE
KNEW WHAT
YOU WERE
ABOUT
TO SAY...



"...LIKE SHE COULD
READ YOUR **MIND.**"



...KILLED
AT LEAST
50 TELEPATHS
THAT WE
KNOW OF.

BUT HOW?
HOW DID HE OR
SHE **DISCOVER**
THEM?

MOST OF
THE VICTIMS
WEREN'T EVEN
AWARE THEY
POSSESSED
LATENT ESP
TALENT.

YOU FIGURE
OUR
KILLER'S A
TELEPATH?
MAKES
SENSE.



IT ALSO
MAKES FOR
VERY
DANGEROUS
PREY.



WHICH MEANS
THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY TO
TRACK DOWN
THIS CRAZY.



WE'RE
GOING TO NEED
BAIT FOR
THE **TRAP.**

IT TAKES **ONE**
TO
KNOW ONE.



NICK FURY
PROVIDED IT.

IT WASN'T
EASY
ARRANGING
BUT...

... I HAD
EVERY KNOWN
TELEPATH
TRANSFERRED
OUT OF
THE TRI-STATE
AREA.

EXCEPT
FOR **ONE.**



FORMER
ESPER AGENT
FRED WILSON,
RETIRED. HE DOESN'T
KNOW HE'S
RE-UPPED. LIVES
IN THE **BIG
APPLE**.

I'VE GOT **DEXTER
BANCROFT** AND ANOTHER
TOP **SHIELD AGENT**
SURREPTITIOUSLY
FOLLOWING WILSON
DAY AND NIGHT.

NEITHER OF
THEM KNOWS
**YOU'LL BE
SHADOWING
THEM**.

PERFECT.

TWO LAYERS
OF
PROTECTION.

NEVER
LIKED **USING
PEOPLE
LIKE THIS**.

THERE'S
NO OTHER
WAY AND...

I KNOW. I'M GOING
TO NEED THAT
BUFFER ZONE IF
I WANT TO TAKE THIS
TELEPATHIC KILLER
BY **SURPRISE**.

YOU
STILL PLAY
FOR **HIGH
STAKES**,
FURY.

IT'S THE
NATURE OF
THE **WORK**.

**WHEN STALKING AN UNKNOWN QUARRY,
THE ONLY THING THE HUNTER REALLY HAS
WORKING FOR HER IS PATIENCE
AND ENDURANCE.**



LITERALLY
MILLIONS
OF PEOPLE
WANDERING
AROUND
NEW YORK AND
EVERY ONE
A SUSPECT.

THIS KIND OF BAD GUY
DOESN'T WEAR A SIGN
AROUND HIS NECK
PROCLAIMING
HIS INTENTIONS.

THE ANONYMOUS
TERROR.

THE KILLER
THAT LOOKS
JUST LIKE
EVERYONE
ELSE.

ONLY THE ACT
REVEALS
THE TRUTH.



8 DAYS WITH MATT
RELIEVING ME WITH
5 HOURS OF SLEEP
EACH NIGHT.

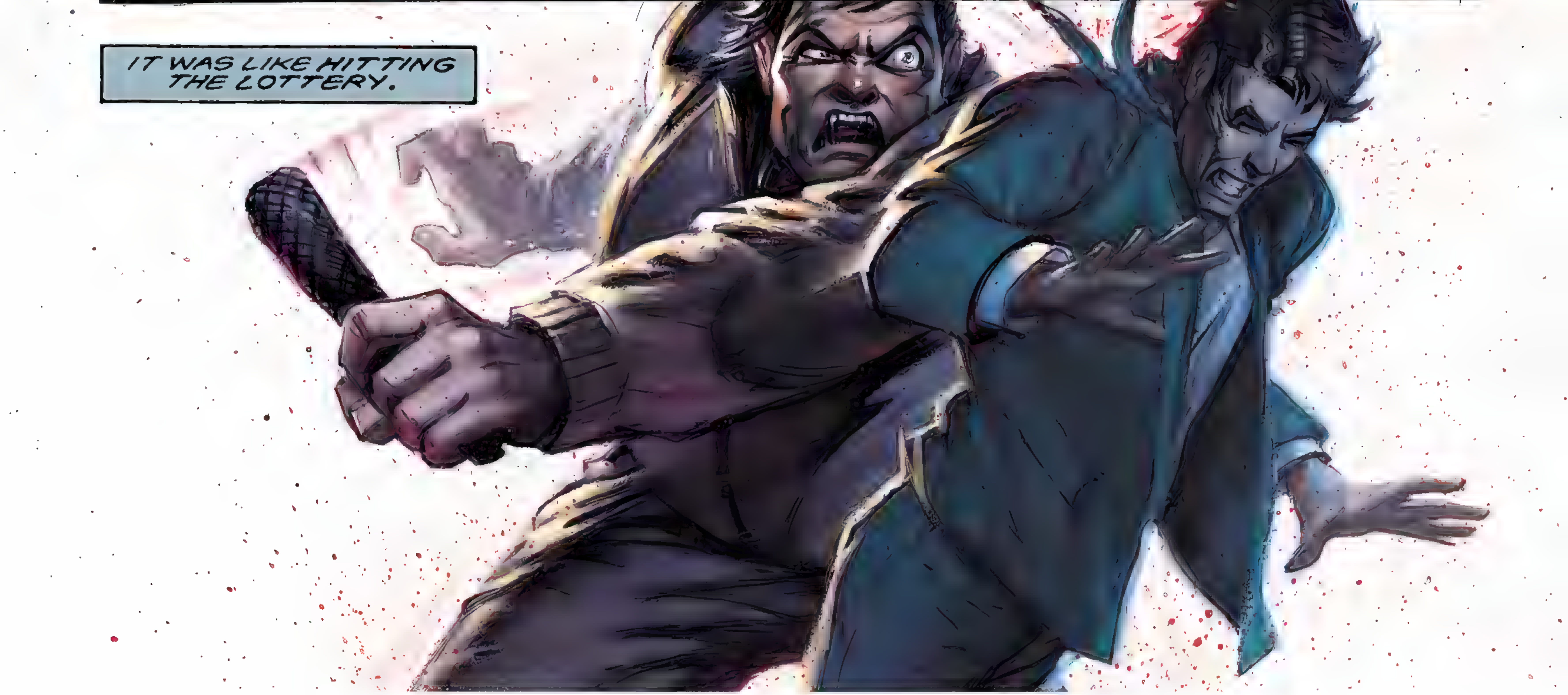
WONDERING IF
THE KILLER
MIGHT HAVE
MOVED ON.

OR GONE AFTER
SOME OTHER TELEPATH
UNKNOWN TO US.

NOT KNOWING.

UNTIL...

IT WAS LIKE HITTING
THE LOTTERY.



THE HEART WAS
PUMPING PURE
ADRENALINE.

I PRAYED THIS
WASN'T JUST SOME
RANDOM NEW YORK
MUGGING.



THE DOUBT
DIDN'T HOLD ME
BACK ANY.

MY 125 POUNDS
CRASHED DOWN ON
HIM LIKE A TON
OF BRICKS.



SO YOU CAN
IMAGINE
MY SHOCK
WHEN HE
DIDN'T STAY
DOWN.

READIED
MYSELF
TO RIP INTO
HIM WITH
EVERYTHING
I HAD.



WHICH IS WHY
THE VAN DOOR
CAUGHT ME
BY SURPRISE.





CAUGHT FLAT-FOOTED LIKE
SOME RANK AMATEUR.

SHOULD HAVE
USED MY WIDOW'S
BITE RIGHT OFF.

A DEADLY MISTAKE.

ONE NOT ONLY
I WOULD HAVE
TO PAY FOR.

A LIFE
FULL OF
SHOULD
OFS.

BANCROFT.

WILSON.

"THEY'VE LOADED
ALL THREE INTO
THE VAN AND ARE
HEADING UPTOWN."

"I REPEAT: TAKE
NO ACTION,
DAREDEVIL."



JUST USE
THAT **TRACKING**
DEVICE TO FOLLOW
THE SIGNAL FROM
THE **BUG** WE PLANTED
IN THE WIDOW'S
BRACELET.

I'VE GOT
A **SPECIALLY**
EQUIPPED
SQUAD ON
THE WAY.

LET THEM
PLAY **HERO**
THIS TIME.

WHY
SHOULD
I?

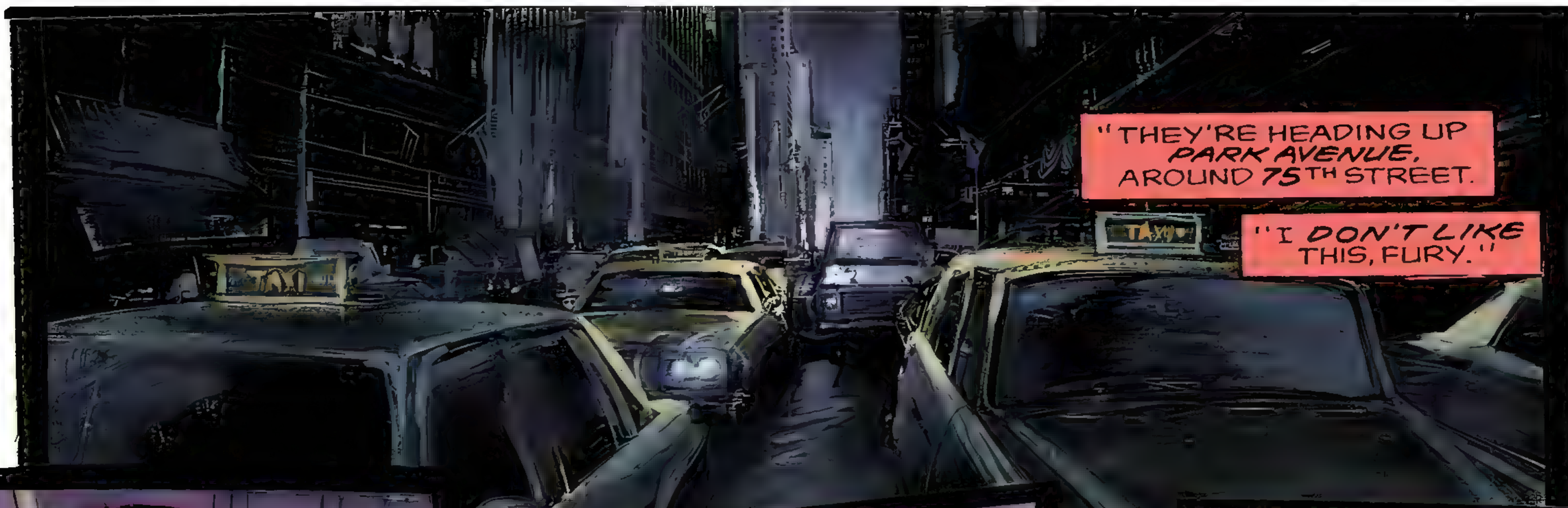


BECAUSE THAT
PAIR ALREADY
TOOK OUT
ONE OF YOUR
SUPER HERO
HOTSHOTS.

ISN'T **THAT**
ENOUGH
REASON?

LET
THE **PROS**
HANDLE
IT.

ONLY IF
THE **PROS**
SHOW UP
IN TIME.

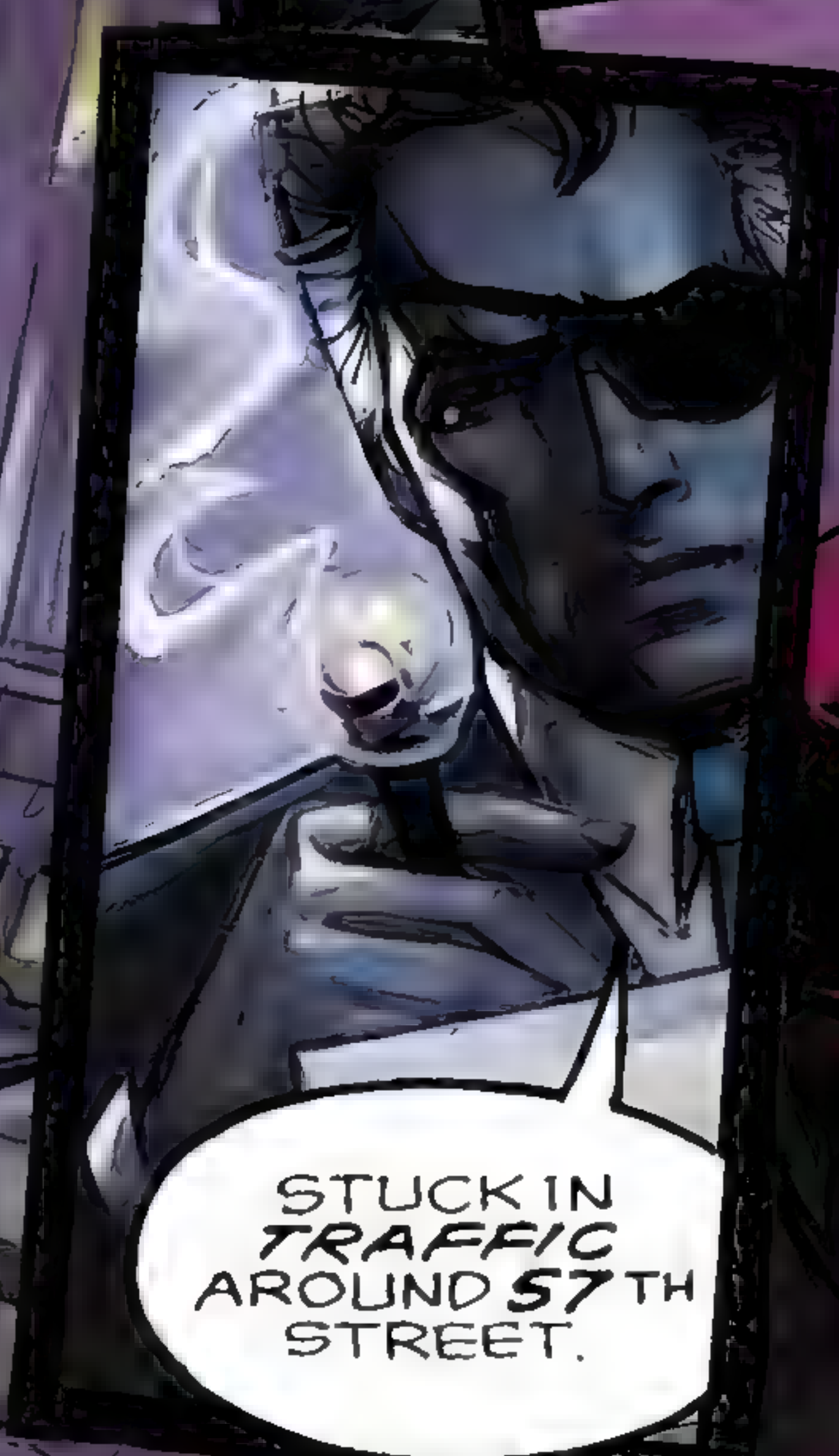


"THEY'RE HEADING UP
PARK AVENUE,
AROUND 75TH STREET."

"I DON'T LIKE
THIS, FURY."



WHERE'S
THE
CAVALRY?



STUCK IN
TRAFFIC
AROUND 57TH
STREET.

I'M
GOING
IN.



DON'T!

WE LOSE
YOU WE LOSE
ANY CHANCE
OF SAVING
THEM!

THEN
MOVE IT,
FURY!
HURRY!



"FURY, THEY'RE PULLING ONTO
THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE!"

"WHERE ARE
YOUR MEN?!"



THIS IS NOT
WORKING OUT,
HORNHEAD.

WHERE?!



AROUND
125TH STREET.

IT'S YOUR
MOVE,
DAREDEVIL.



I'M
TAKING
THEM
OUT!



BUT SOMETIMES
INTENTIONS
ARE BEYOND
REALIZATION,
EVEN FOR US
SUPER HERO
HOTSHOTS.

UNUSUALLY
LIGHT TRAFFIC
AND THE VAN HITS
THE FAST LANE.

I NEED
WHEELS.

IN A MAD RUSH
I PICK A TAXI
JUST PULLING ONTO
THE BRIDGE.

A BIG MISTAKE.



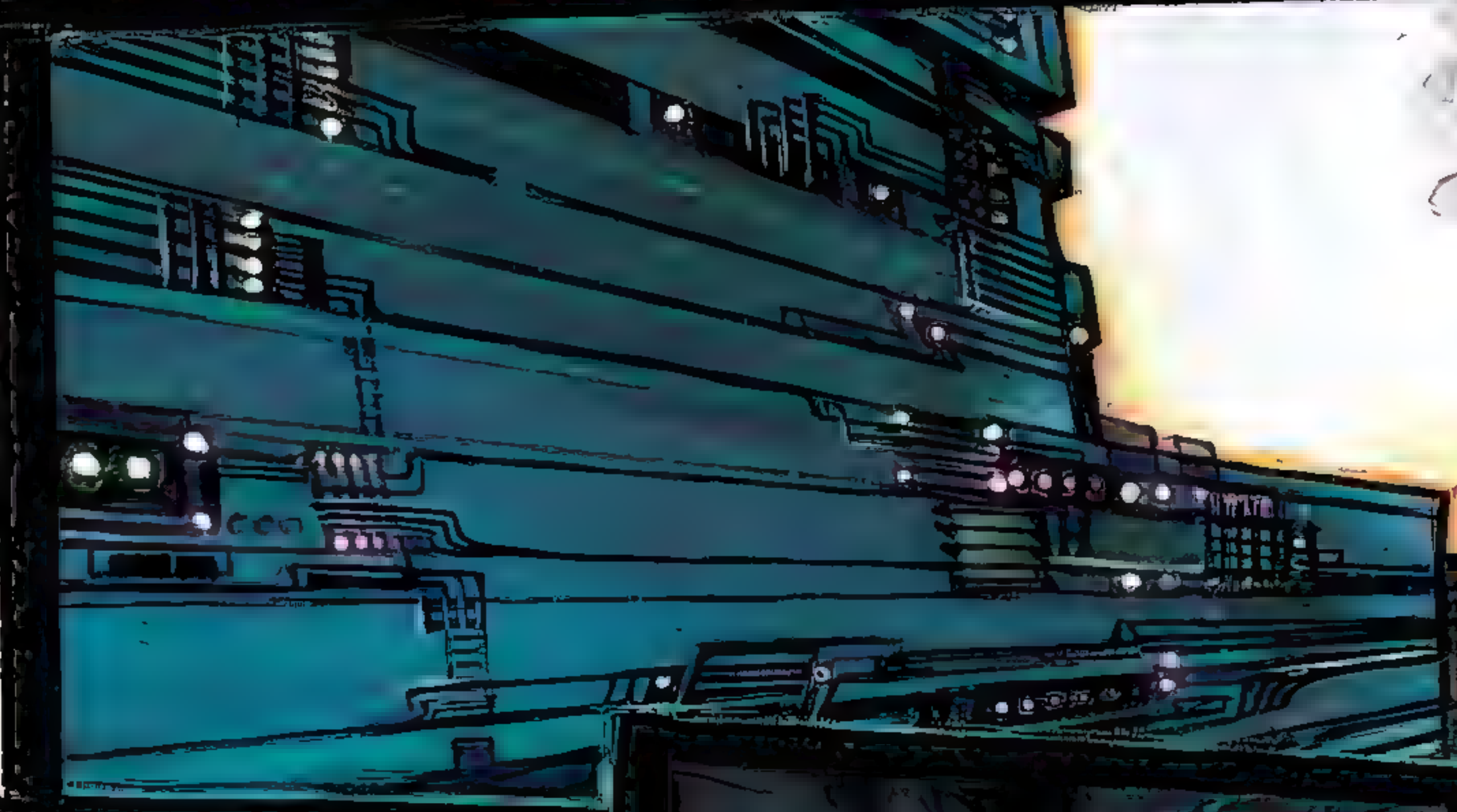
A BLIND MAN AT THE WHEEL OF A CAB: EVERY NEW YORKER'S NIGHTMARE.

IT'S NOT UNTIL I'M BEHIND THE *WHEEL* THAT I REALIZE THE TAXI'S RUNNING ON ONLY 7 OF ITS 8 *CYLINDERS*.

THE CABBIE IS QUITE GRACIOUS ABOUT RELINQUISHING HIS VEHICLE.



THE VAN'S HAULING ASH. I'M NOT GOING TO BE ABLE TO OVERTAKE THEM.



JUST STAY WITHIN RANGE OF THE BUG'S TRANSMISSIONS!

A CHOPPER WILL BE PICKING UP THE *SPECIAL SQUAD*.

THEY'LL BE WITH YOU WITHIN THE *HOUR*!



IT'S BEEN NEARLY TWO HOURS, FURY!



NO CHOPPER. APPROPRIATIONS TROUBLE.



I'VE LOST THE *SIGNAL*, FURY! THEY'RE OUT OF RANGE!



WHAT'S YOUR *PRESENT LOCATION*?

"YOU GOT ME,

"SOMEWHERE IN THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS!"





OF COURSE I WOKE UP WITHOUT MY WEAPONS BRACELETS, HANGING LIKE A SLAB OF MEAT.

EVERY TIME I COME AROUND, SOMEONE'S SCREAMING.

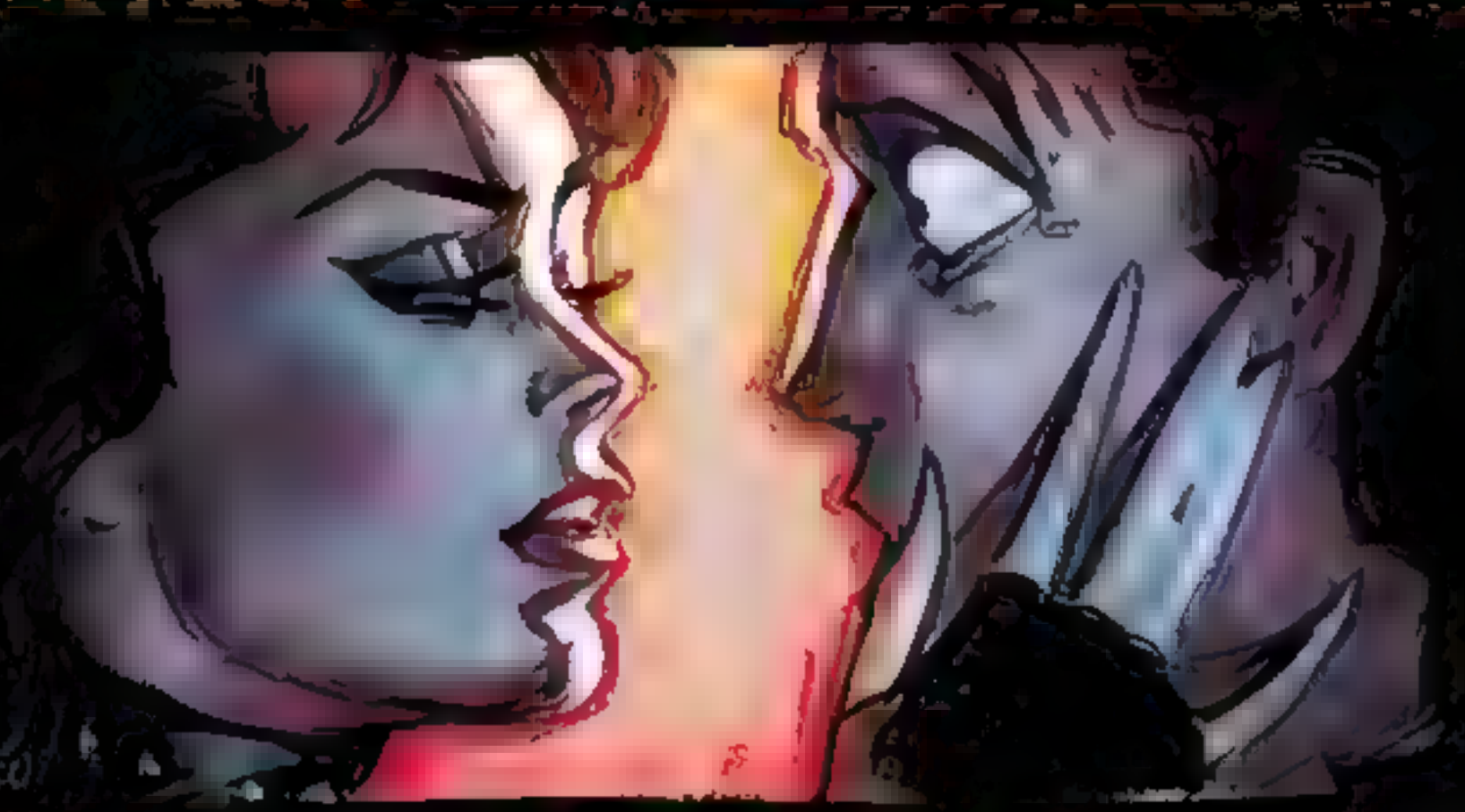
PLEASE... NO MORE... PAIN...

BUT THAT'S WHY I DO IT, SUGAR.

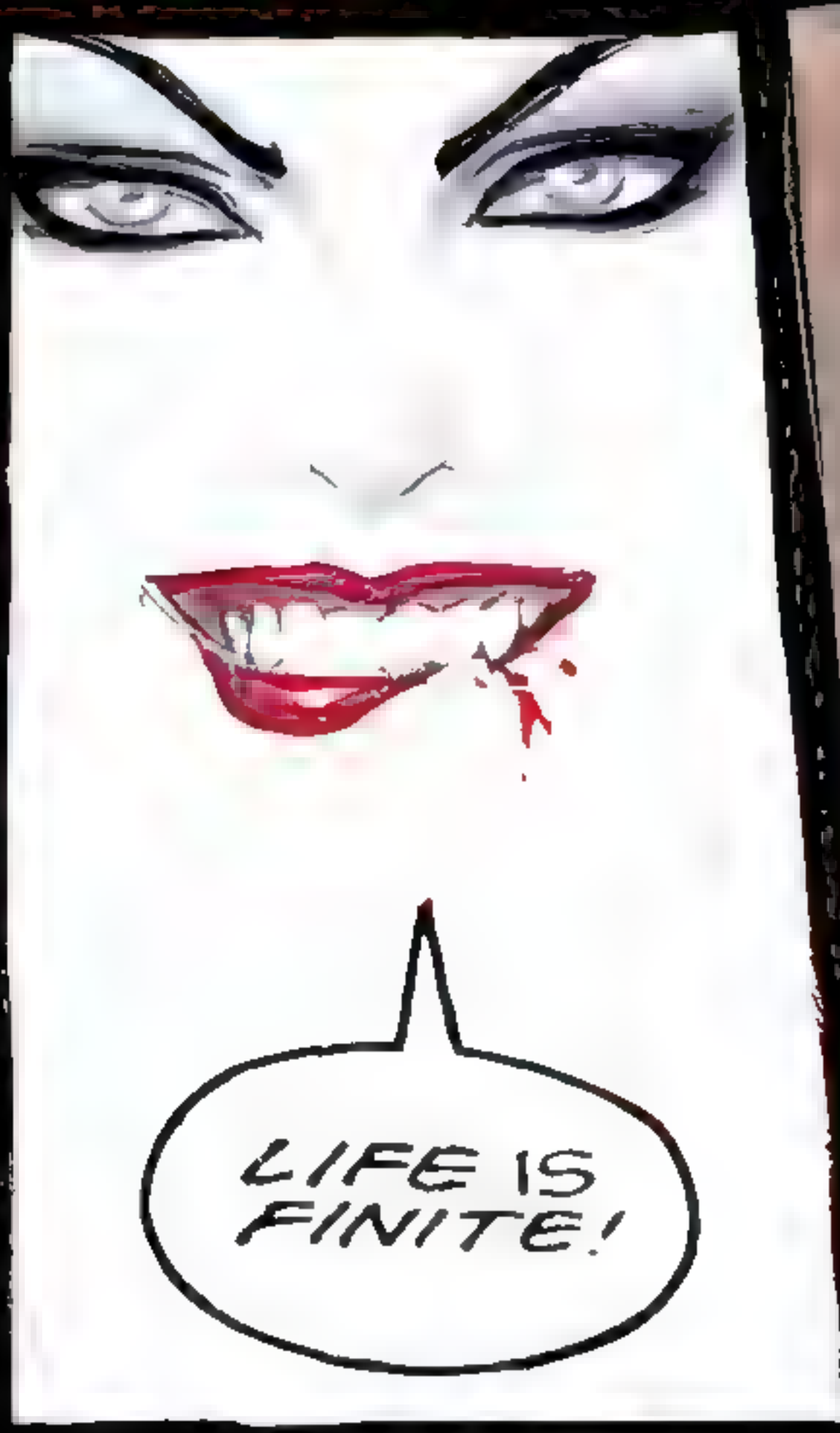
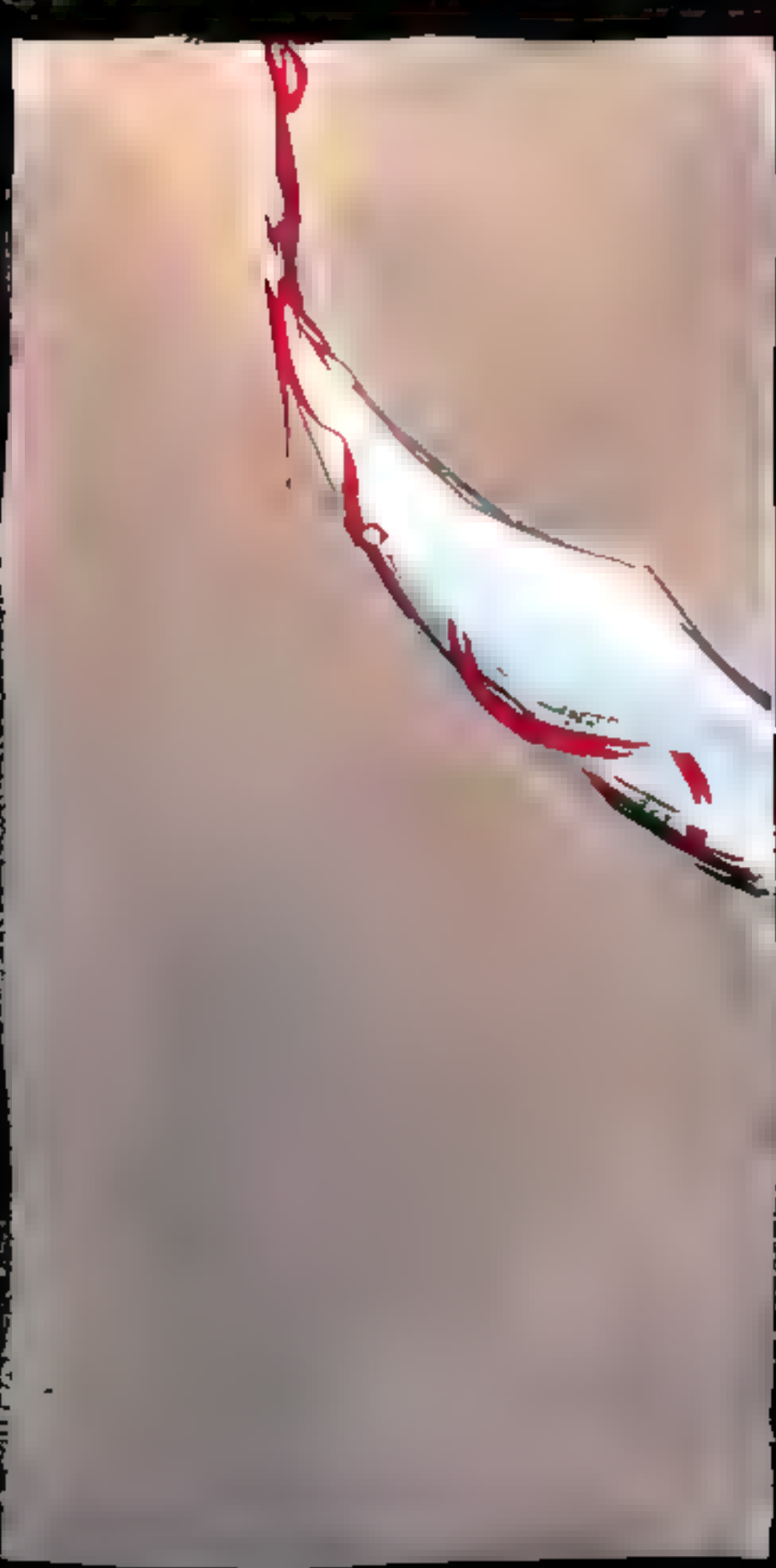
THERE'S ART IN THE AGONY.

YOU'RE MY CANVAS.

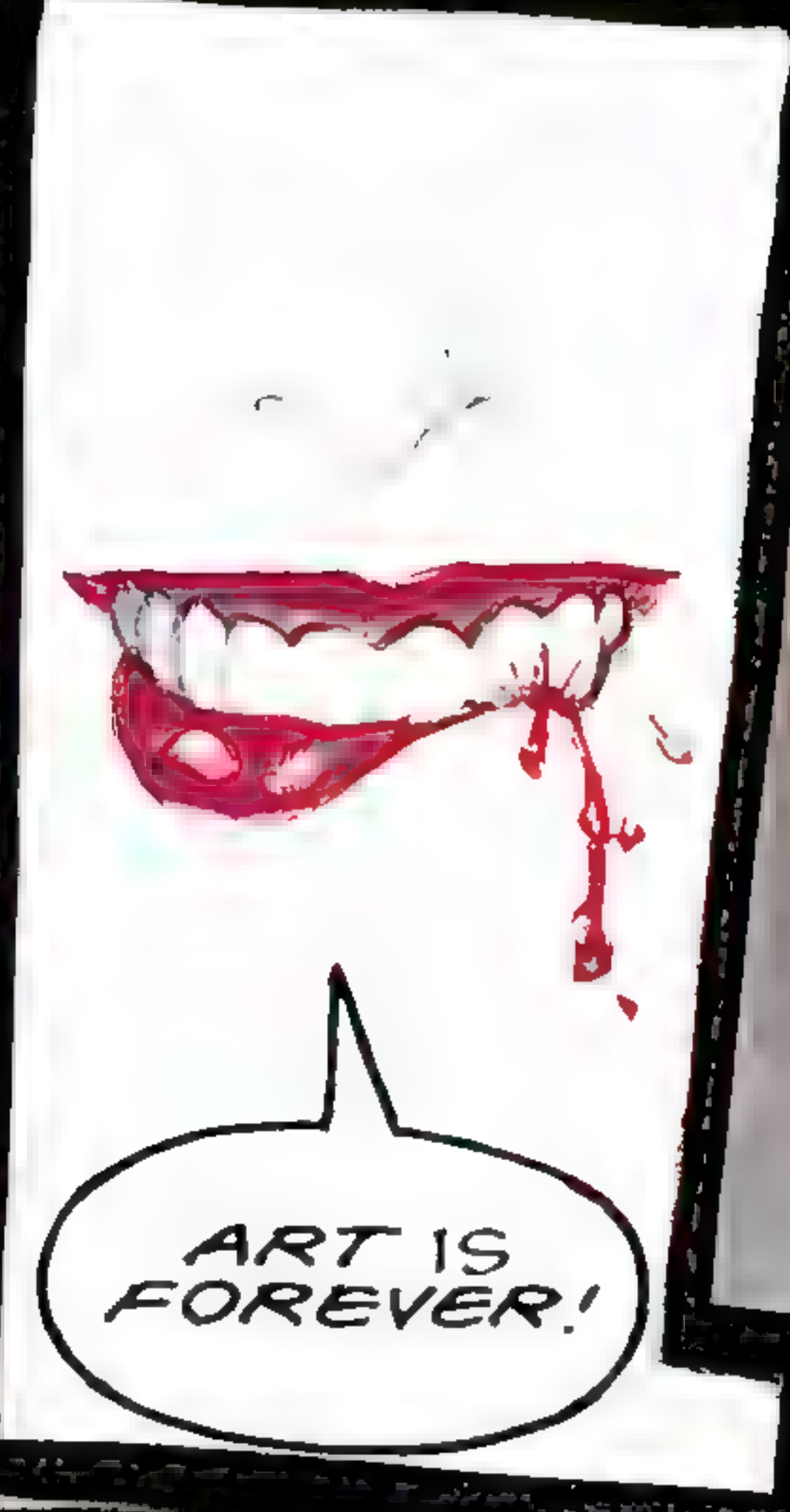
MY IN-PROGRESS PORTRAIT OF DEATH.



A MASTER-
WORK
IN THE
MAKING.

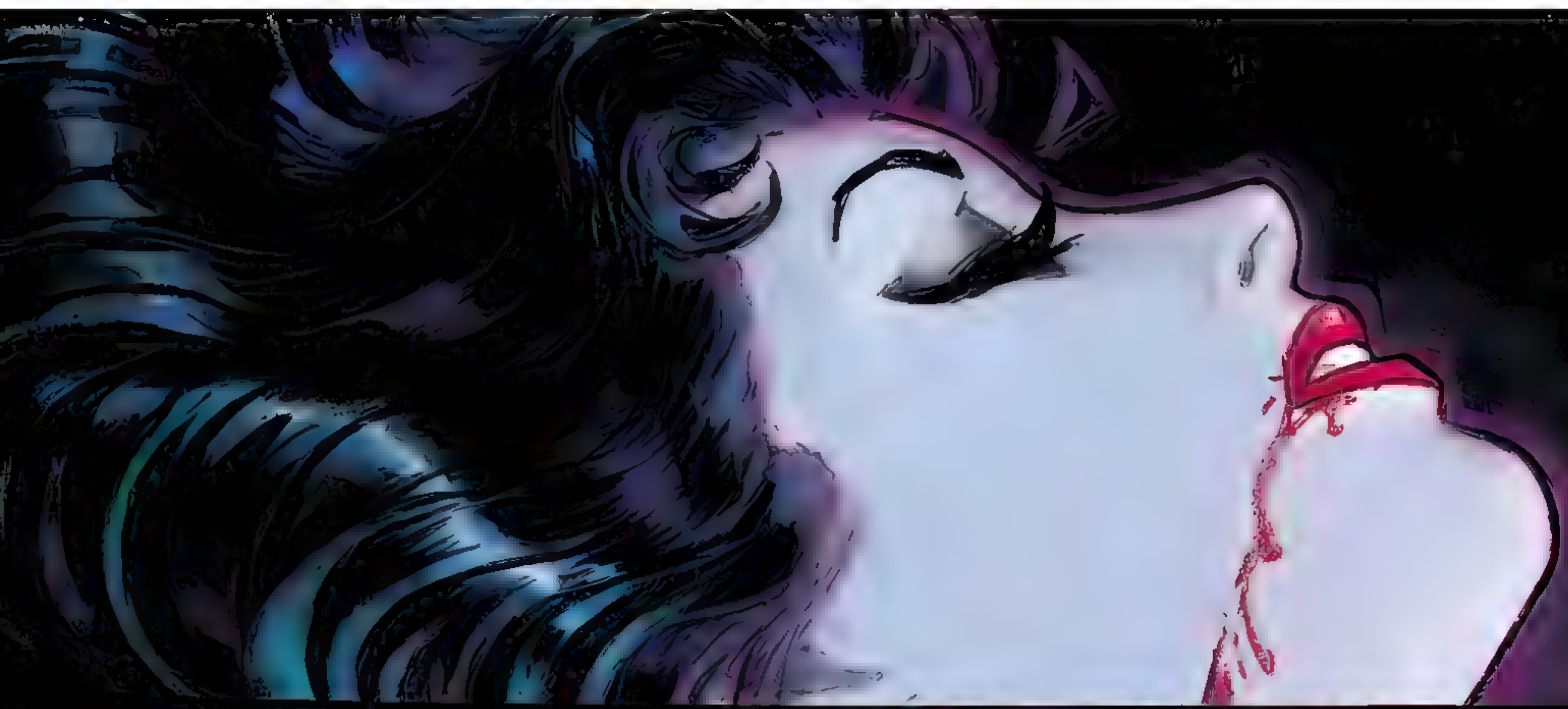


LIFE IS
FINITE!



ART IS
FOREVER!

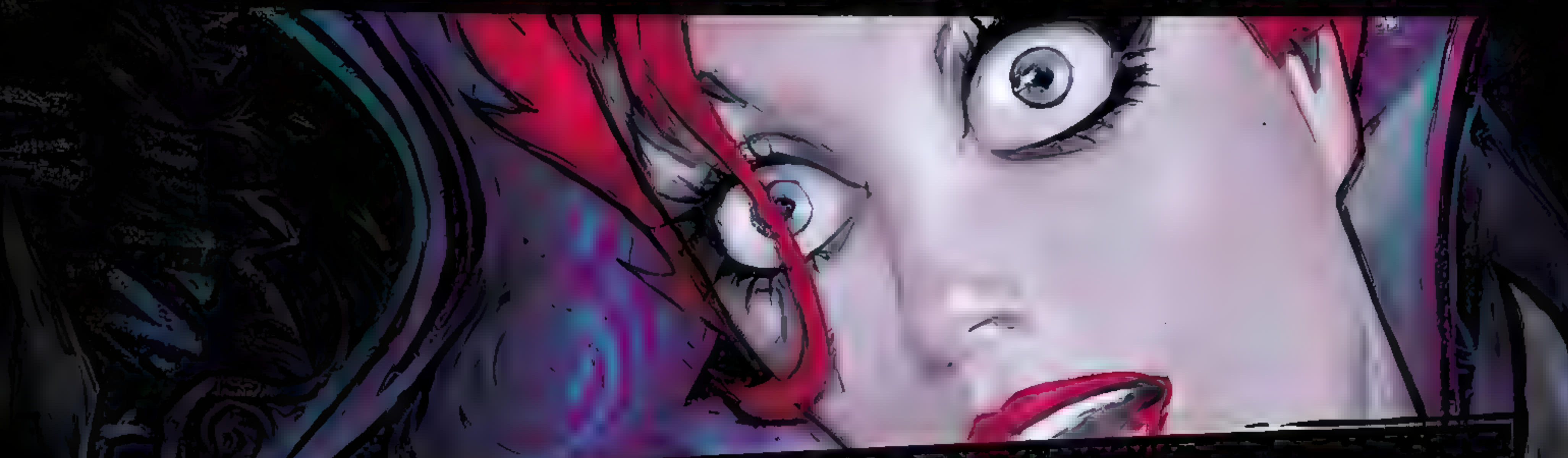




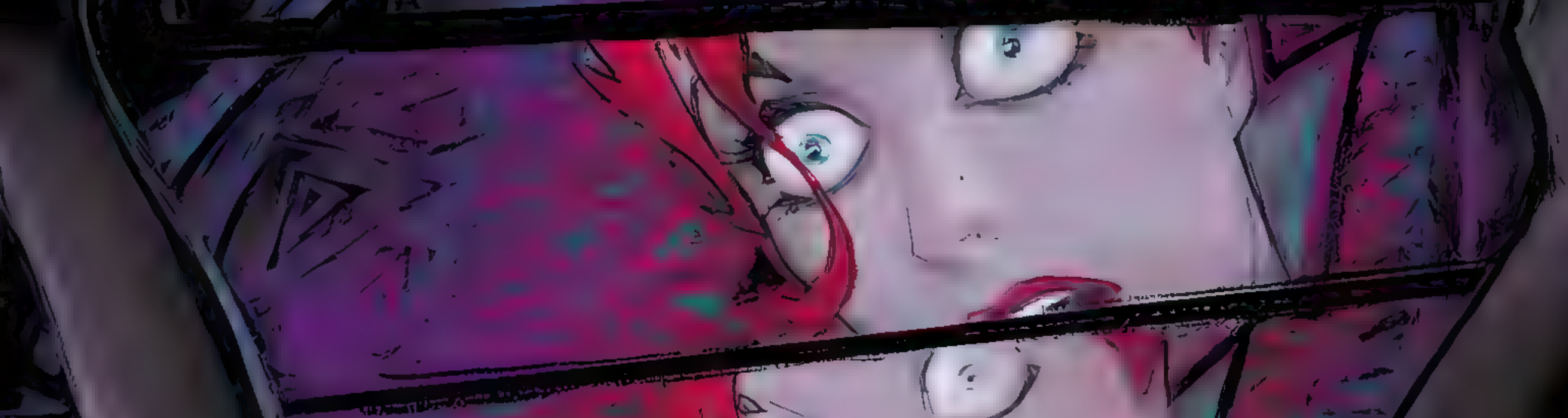
AND I REALIZE THE ART
IS THE PSYCHIC SAVORING
OF EXCRUCIATING
TORMENT!

ROSE REVELS IN
THE MENTAL DREAD AND
THE PHYSICAL PAIN!

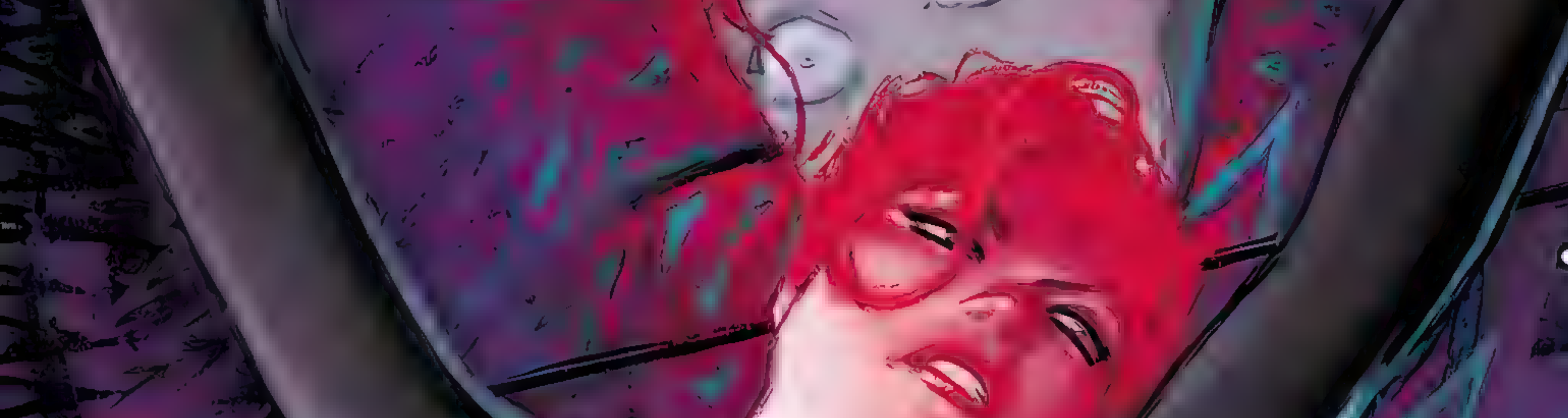
VAMPIRE!



THE ECSTASY IS
MORE THAN ROSE
CAN CONTAIN!



I'M ENGULFED
IN THE PSYCHIC
OVERFLOW OF
HER PLEASURE!



AND REALITY
TAKES AN UNEXPECTED
LEFT TURN.

WHAT?

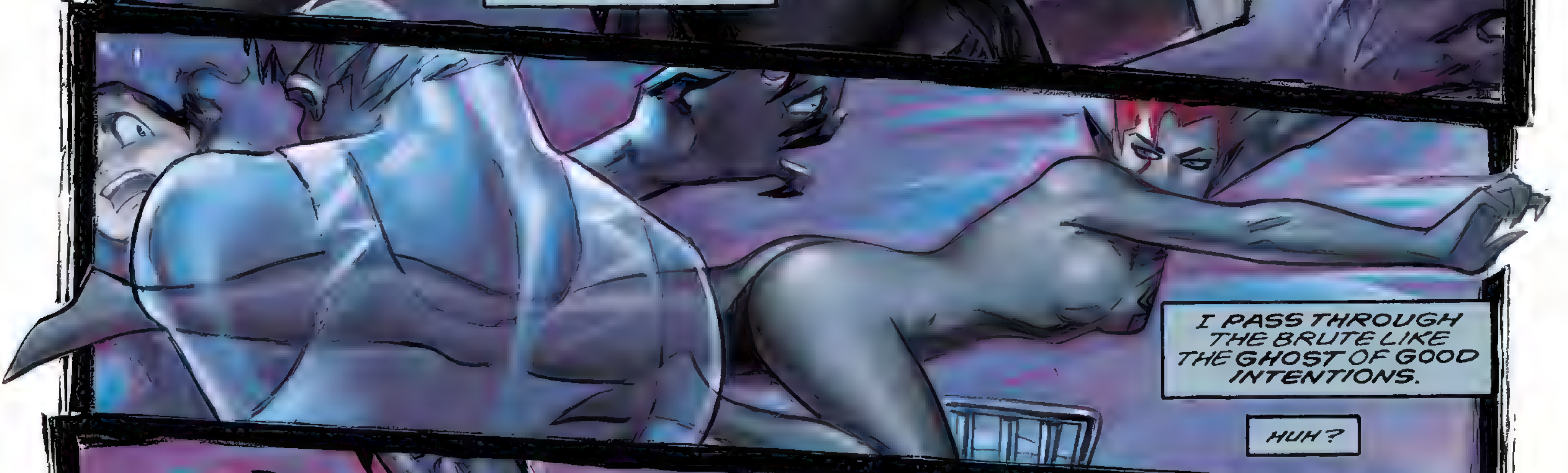
YOU LITTLE
TRAMP!
I WON'T
HAVE YOU
TALKING TO
ME LIKE
THAT!!





EMOTION RESPONDS
BEFORE INTELLECT
CAN REASON.

STOP THAT!



I PASS THROUGH
THE BRUTE LIKE
THE GHOST OF GOOD
INTENTIONS.

HUH?



IT TAKES
A MOMENT
TO REALIZE
THEY'RE NOT
REALLY HERE.

OR MAYBE IT'S
ME WHO'S NOT.

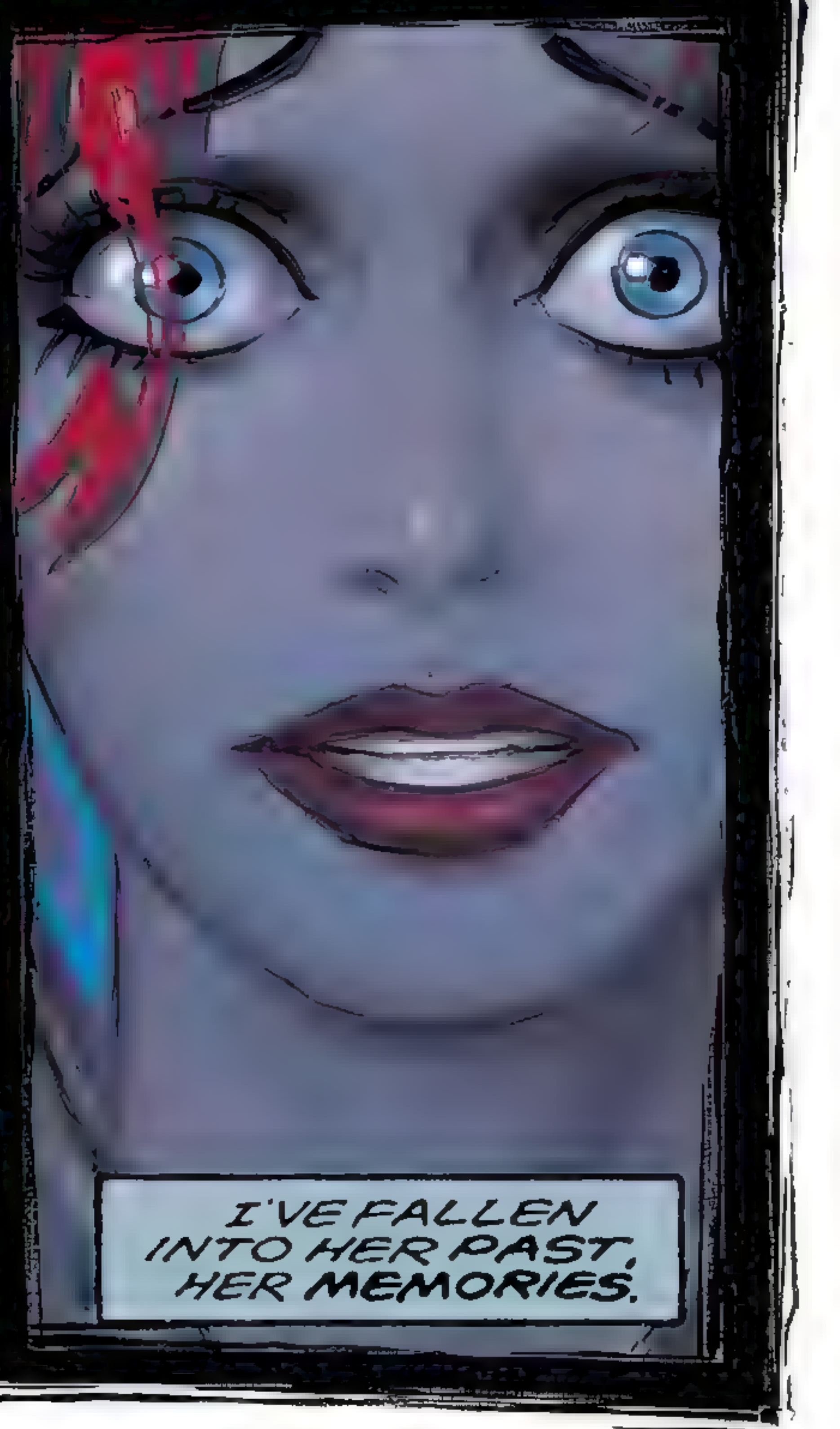


THEN I GET
A GOOD LOOK
AT THE GIRL!



IT'S ROSE!

ROSE AS SHE
MUST HAVE
BEEN AT
12 YEARS OLD!



I'VE FALLEN
INTO HER PAST.
HER MEMORIES.





ALWAYS
CARRYING ON.
GET OUT.

THINK YOU'RE
SPECIAL
OR SOMETHING,
DON'T YA?

WELL,
YOU
AIN'T.



A NIGHTMARE
CHILDHOOD.

NO WONDER SHE
TURNED INTO SUCH
A MONSTER.



STILL, IT'S
NO EXCUSE.

SO WHO AM
I CRYING FOR?

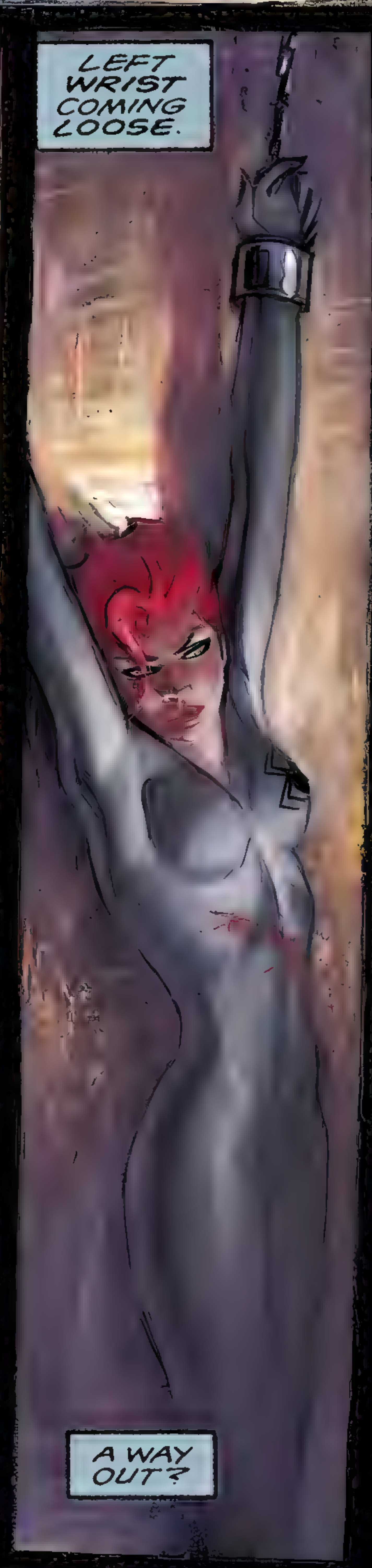
HER OR ME?



TEARS.

SWEAT.

TWELVE HOURS
WITHOUT
WATER,
DEHYDRATING.



LEFT
WRIST
COMING
LOOSE.

A WAY
OUT?



WORK THE WRIST,
BUT BE COOL.

DON'T LET
ROSE SEE
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING.

DON'T
THINK
ABOUT
IT!!

THE *SNOW* KEEPS
COMING DOWN.

THE ROADS ARE
GETTING
DANGEROUS.



LOST *CONTACT*
WITH *FURY*
HOURS AGO.

JUST KEEP DRIVING
HOPING TO PICK UP
THE *BUG'S* SIGNAL.

RADAR SENSE AND
ADRENALINE: THE ONLY
THINGS KEEPING ME
ON THE ROAD.

ONLY *HOPE* TO
SAVE *NATASHA*.

I *WON'T* LET
YOU DOWN, *GAL*.
I *PROMISE*.

I REMEMBER
OUR *NIGHTS*
TOGETHER,
THE *THINGS*
WE SHARED.

I *WON'T* LET
THEM KILL YOU!
I WON'T!!"

GO AHEAD
AND
TAKE IT.

I *WANT*
YOU TO
HAVE IT.





DEAR GOD, ROSE
ACTUALLY HAS BANCROFT
UNDER HER MENTAL
CONTROL!

A MORE
POWERFUL
TELEPATH
THAN I
SUSPECTED!

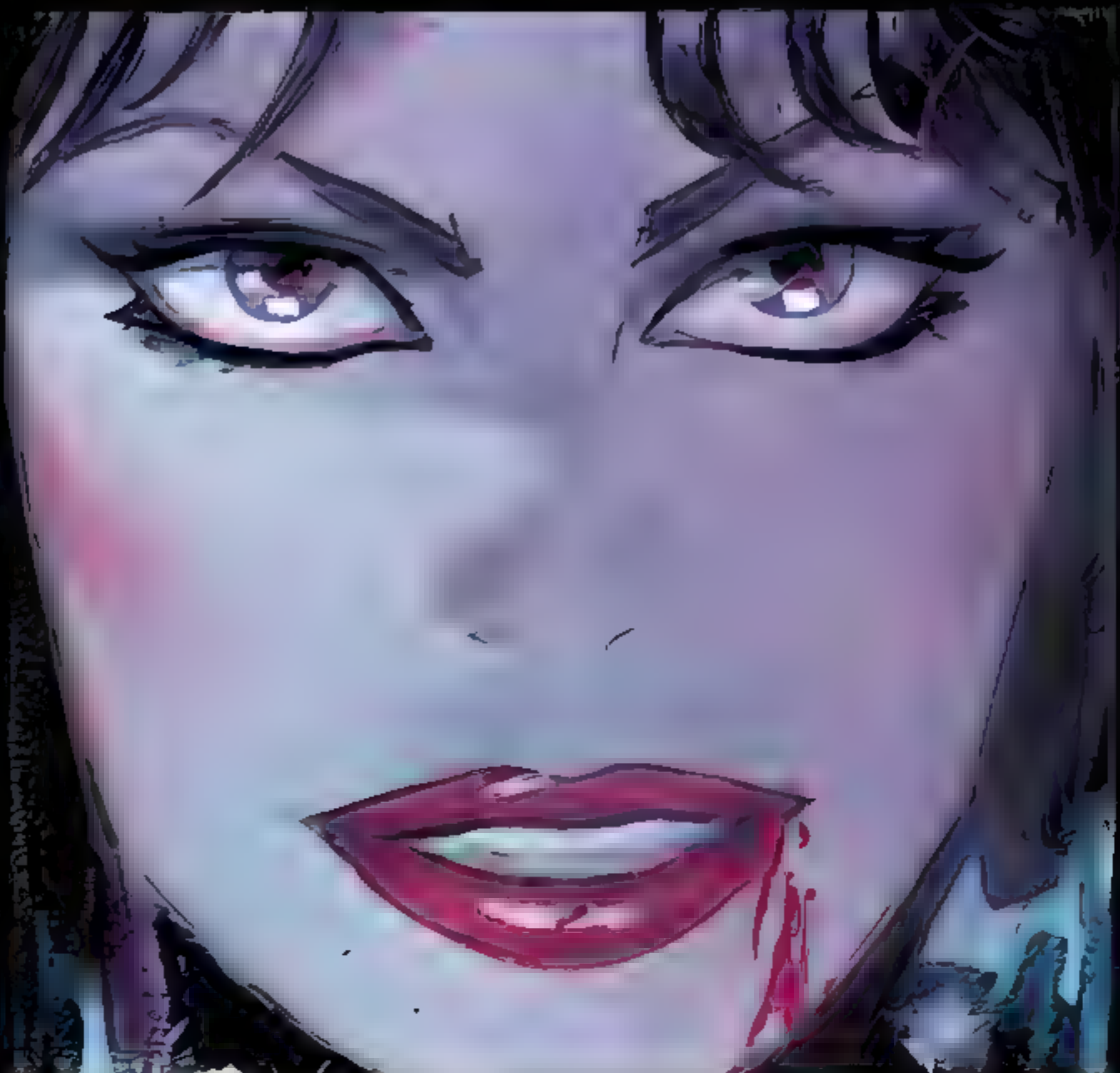
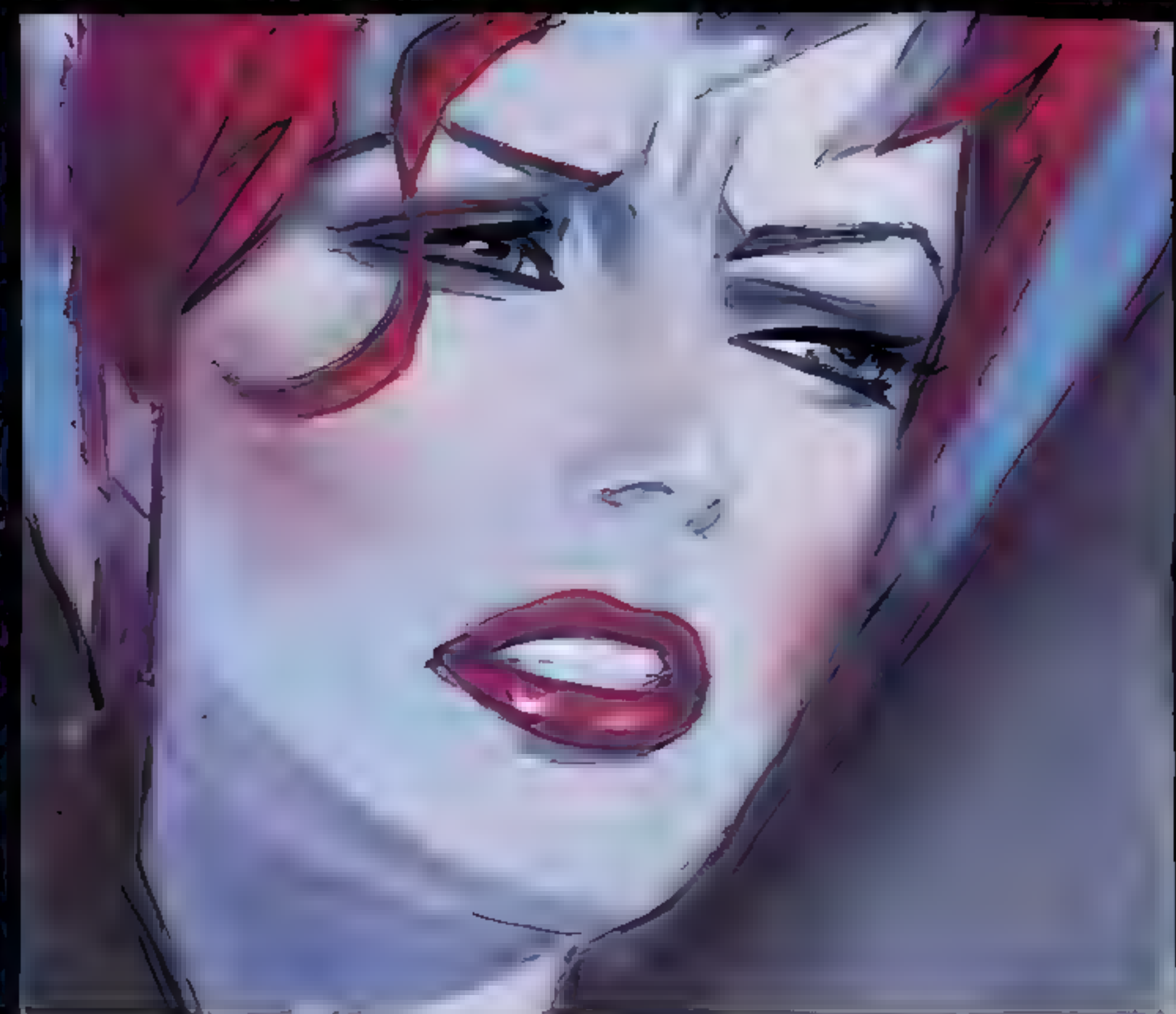
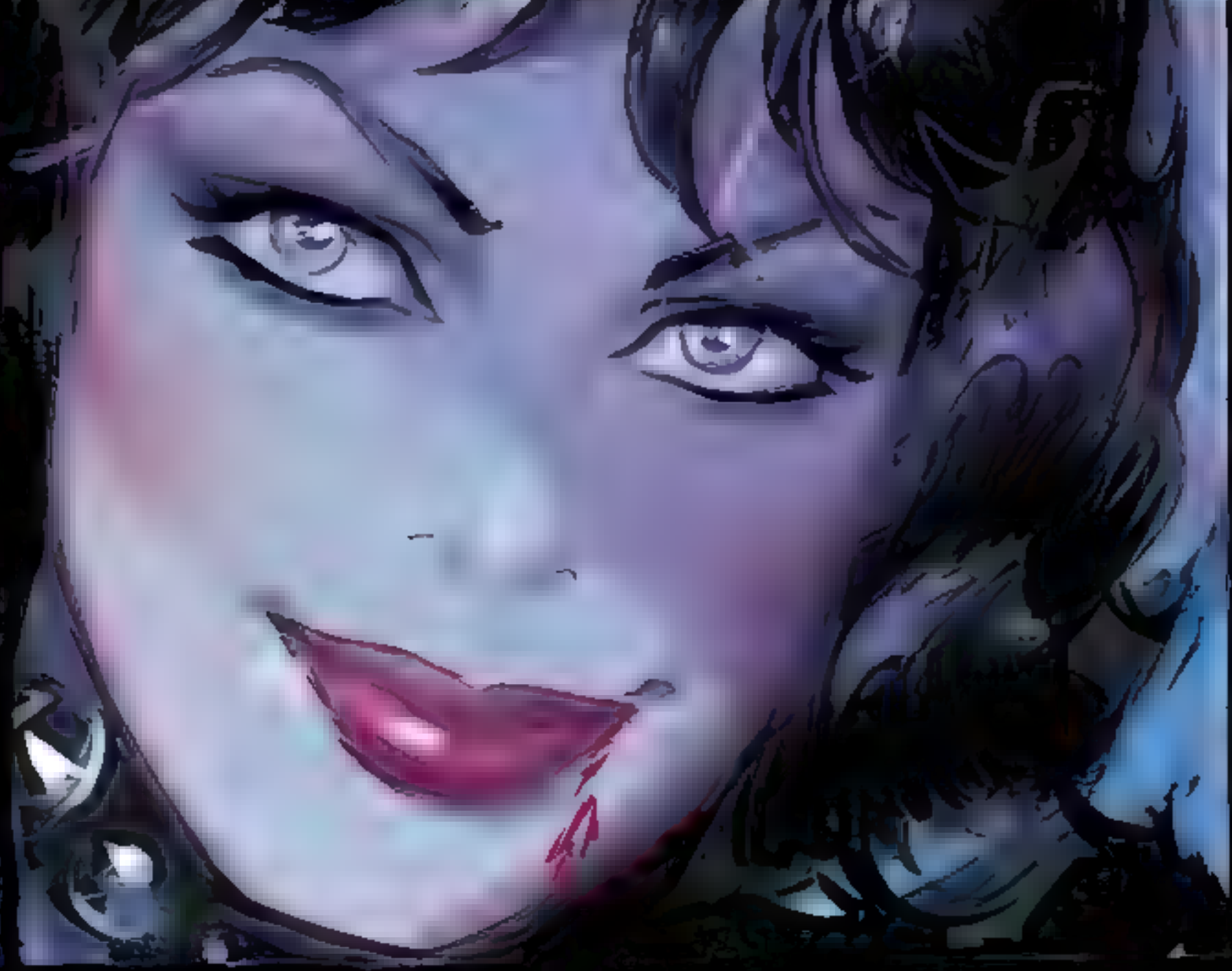
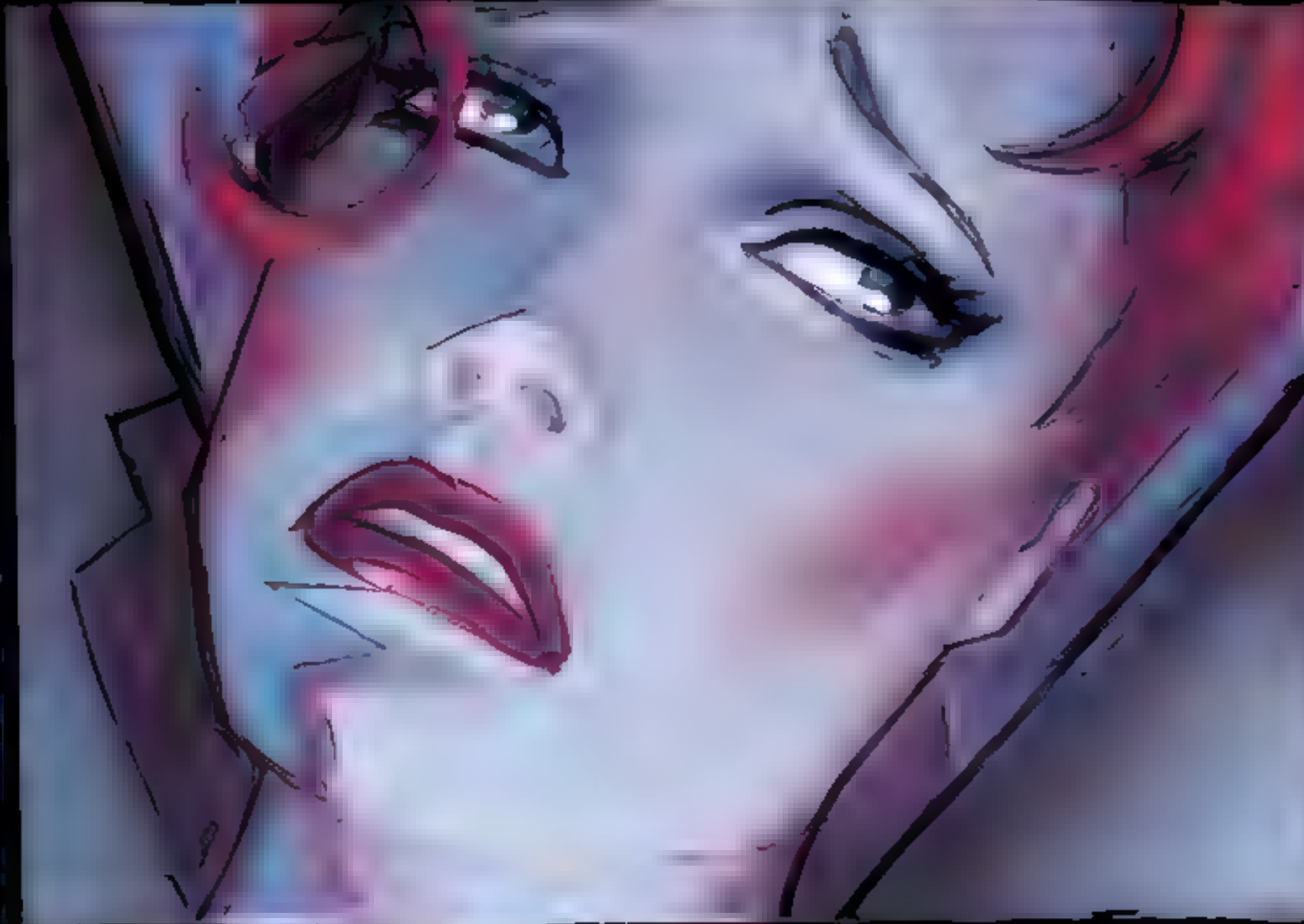
AN OFFER
HE CAN'T
REFUSE.

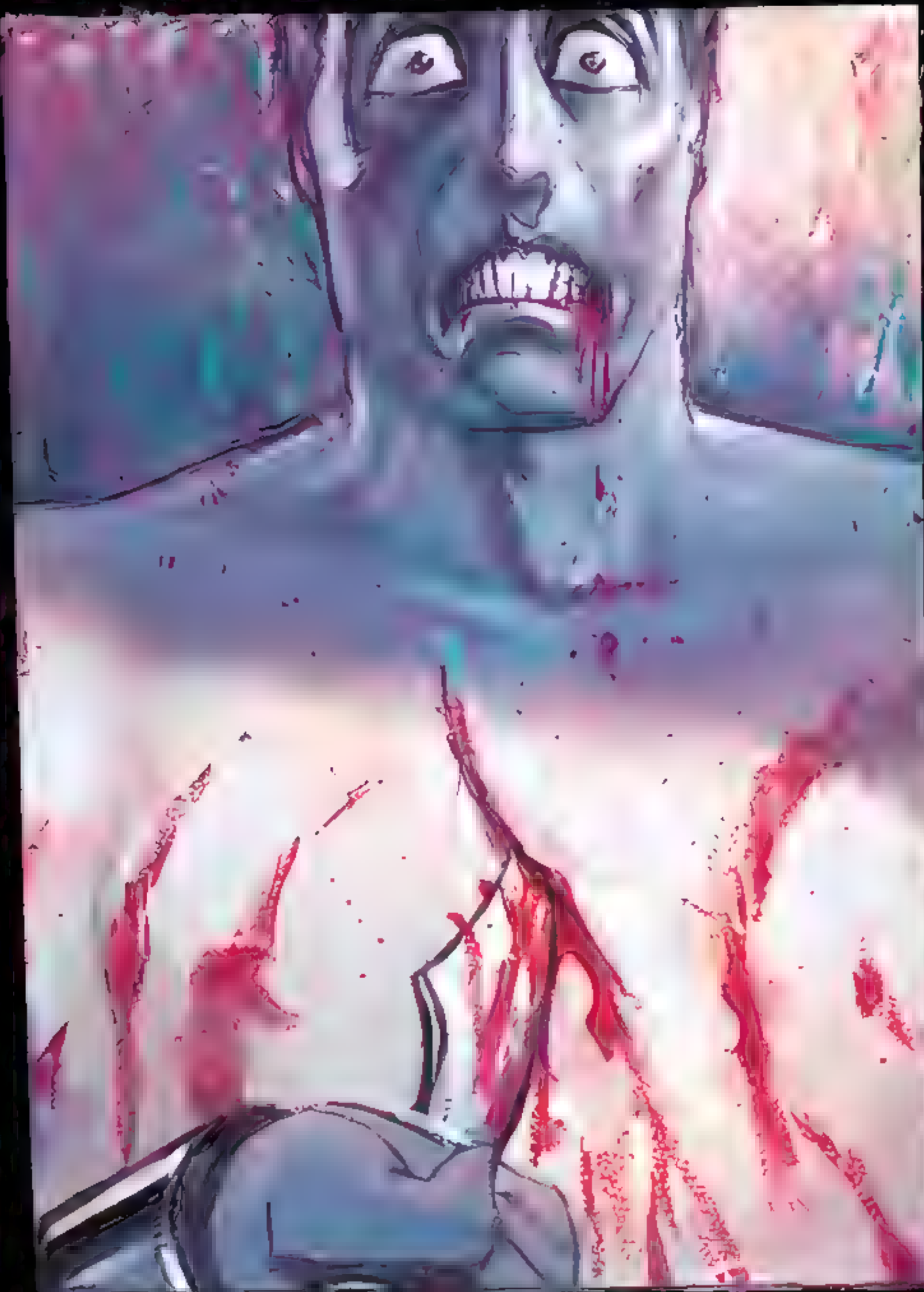
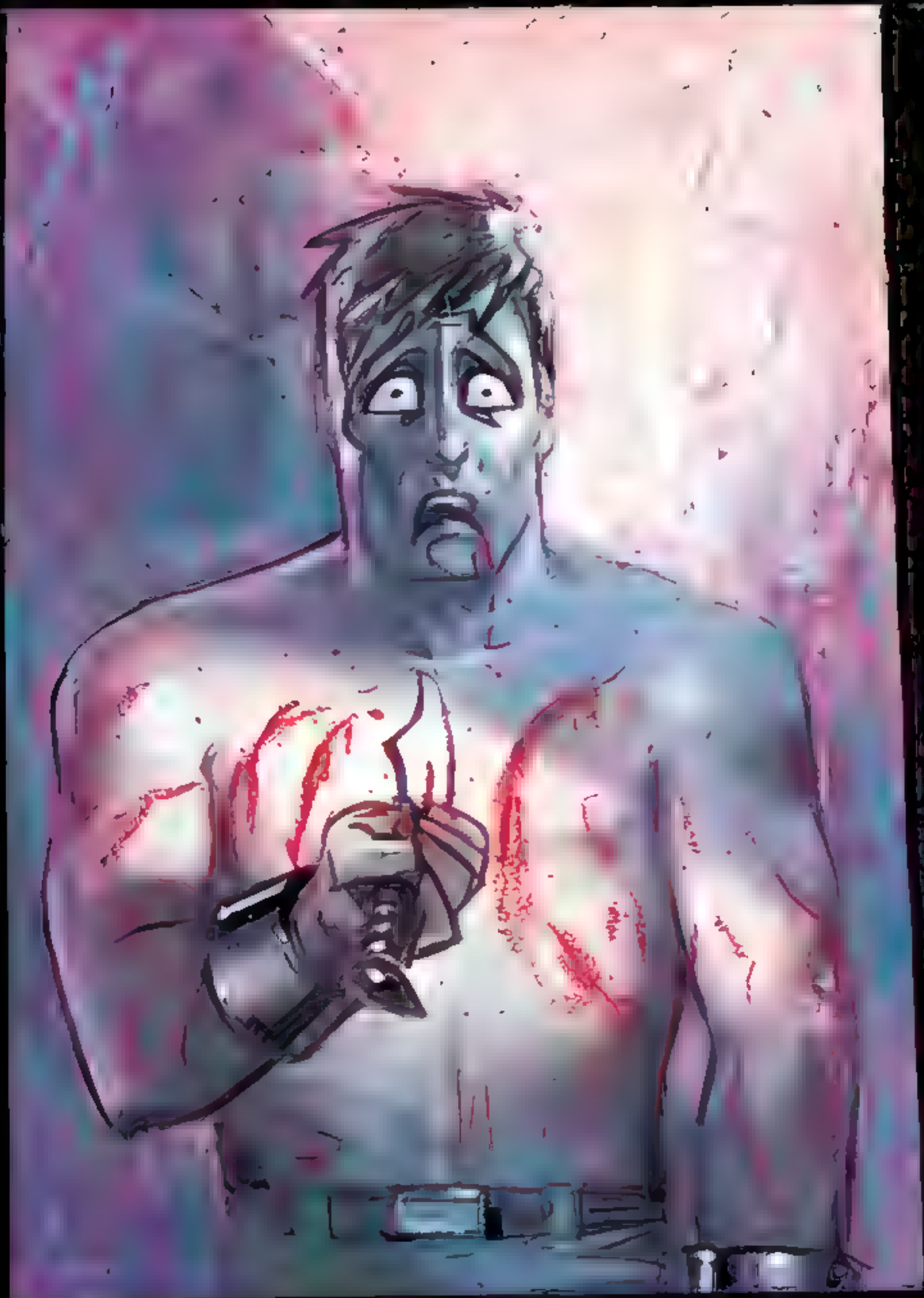
I SEE TWO
POSSIBLE
SCENARIOS
COMING
DOWN HERE.

NEITHER VERY
APPEALING.

TAKE THE
KNIFE.

YOU KNOW
WHAT TO DO
WITH IT.









CRIMSON LIGHTS
FLASHING
IN THE NIGHT.

SCARLET FLUID
DRYING ON A
TENEMENT
STAIRCASE.

A CHILD THAT
DOES NOT CRY.

AND A PHANTOM
THAT CANNOT
SPEAK THE TRUTH.

YES, SHE WAS
DRINKING
PRETTY
HEAVILY.

I WAS ALWAYS
WARNING HER
TO BE CAREFUL ON
THOSE RICKETY
OLD STAIRS,
BUT...

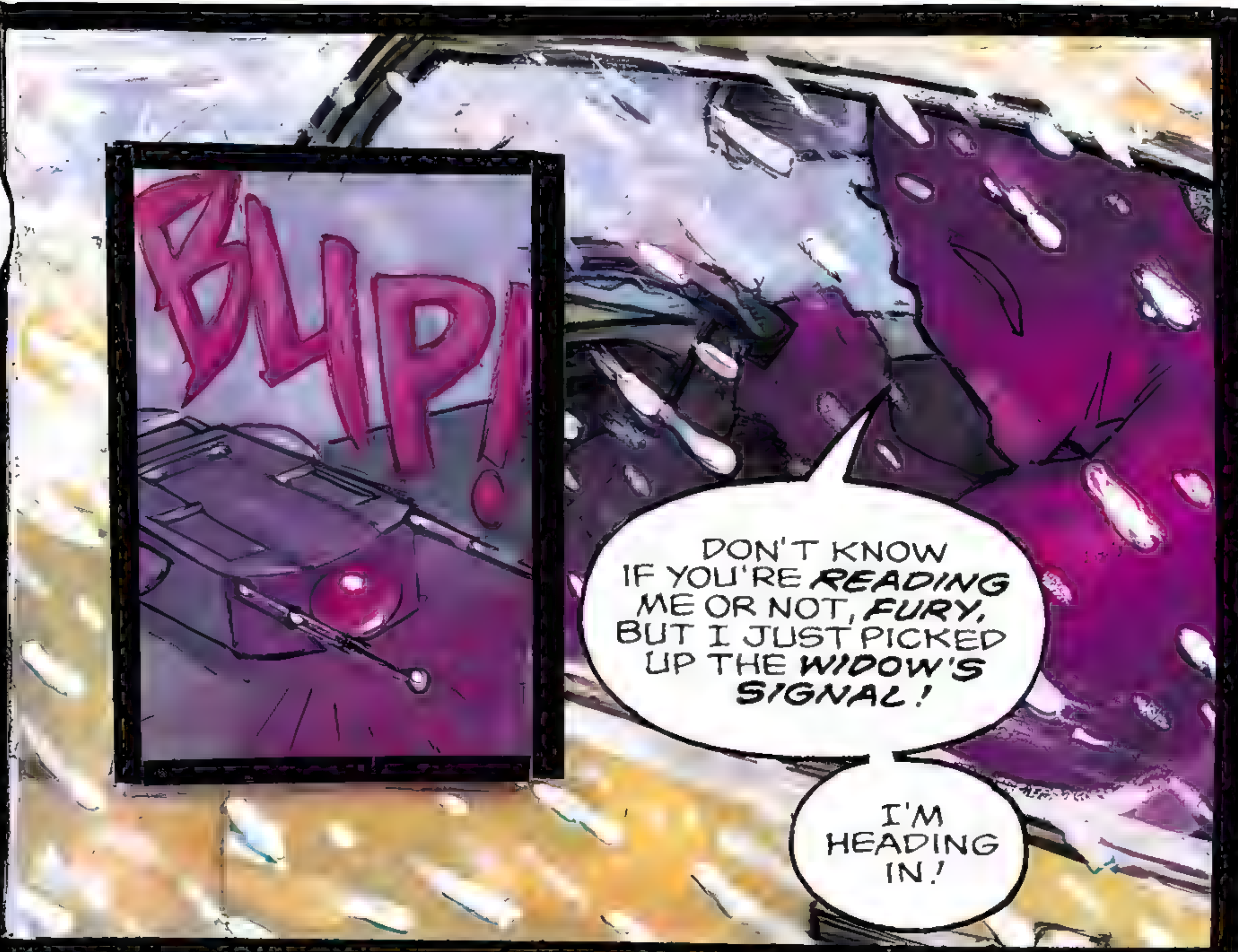
LIES
PRESENTED
AND
ACCEPTED.

SINS GOING
UNPUNISHED.

AND ROSE RECEIVES
A NEW LAYER OF
PSYCHIC SCAR
TISSUE TO HELP
HER GROW INTO
A TWISTED ADULT.

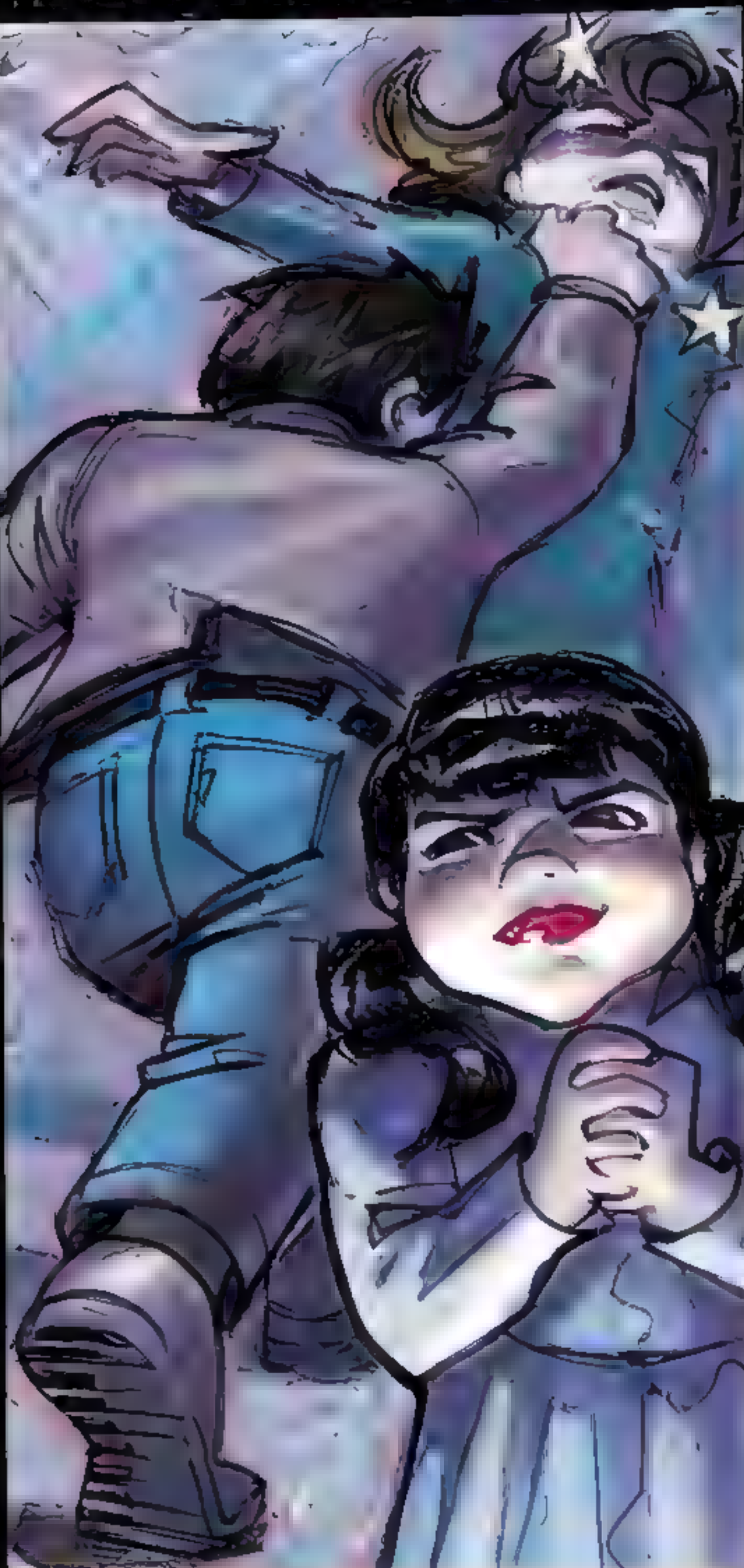
HEY,
LADY...

SHE
SEES
ME!!



I DISCOVERED
I COULD **CONTROL**
OTHER **PEOPLE** WHEN
I WAS ABOUT
10 YEARS OLD.

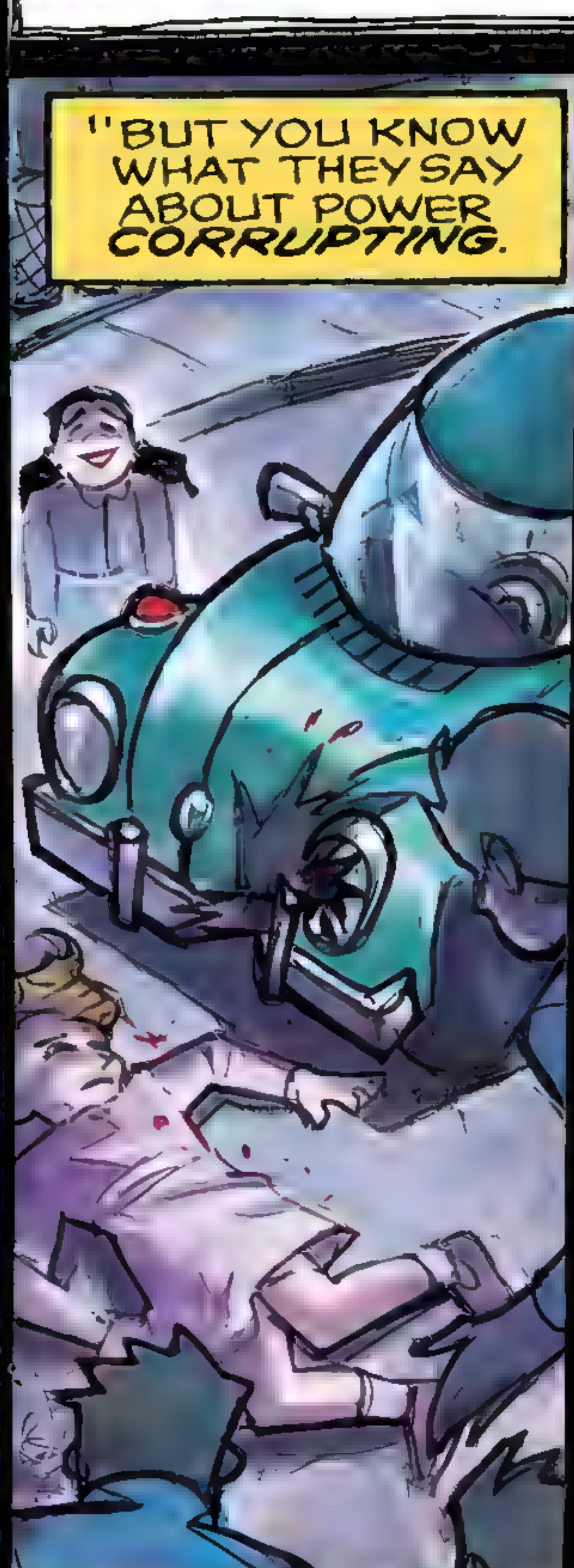
AT FIRST I
HAD TO CATCH
THEM **OFF GUARD**,
SLEEPING OR DAY
DREAMING.



"STARTED OFF JUST
TOYING WITH
MY **CLASSMATES**."



"**HARMLESS**
PRANKS
MOST OF
THE TIME."

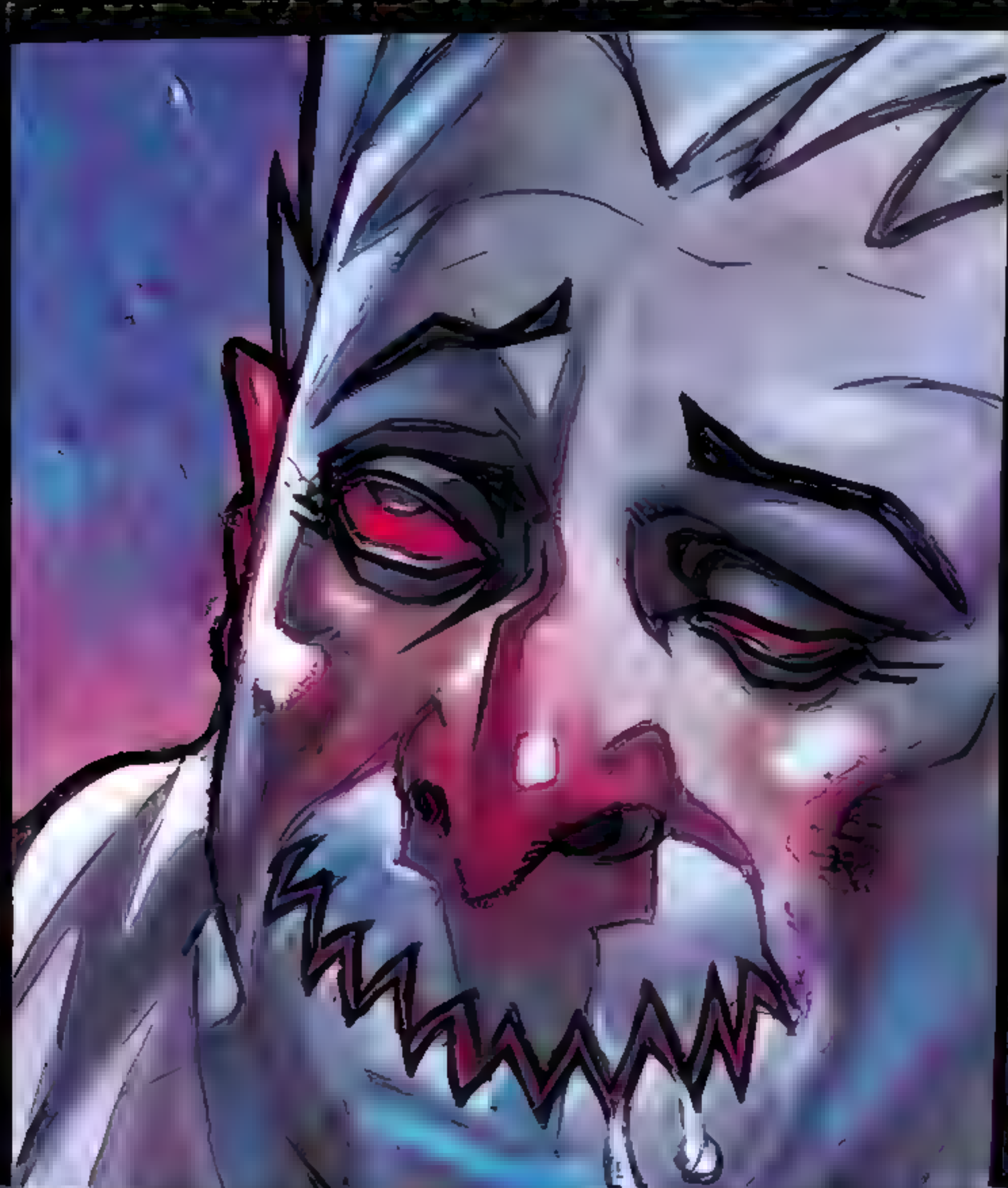
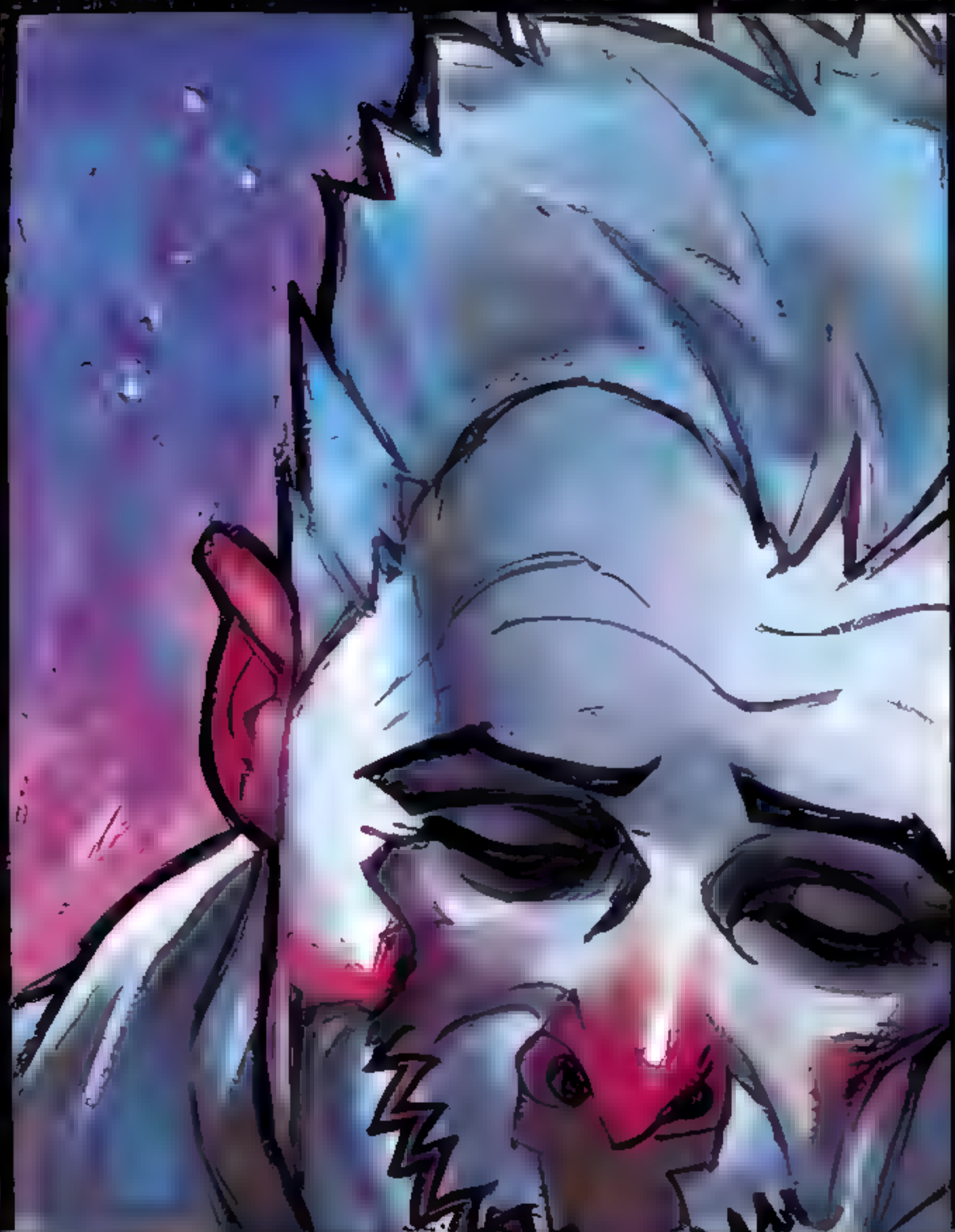


"BUT YOU KNOW
WHAT THEY SAY
ABOUT **POWER**
CORRUPTING."

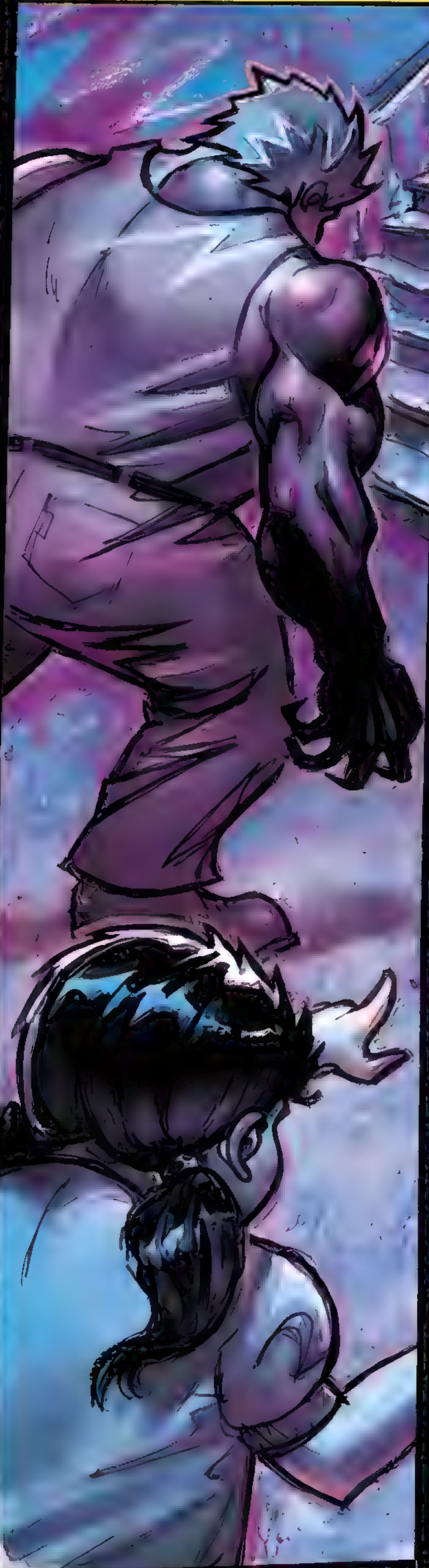
"THAT NIGHT I WAITED
UNTIL DADDY WAS
REAL DRUNK."

"TOO DRUNK TO
RESIST ME."





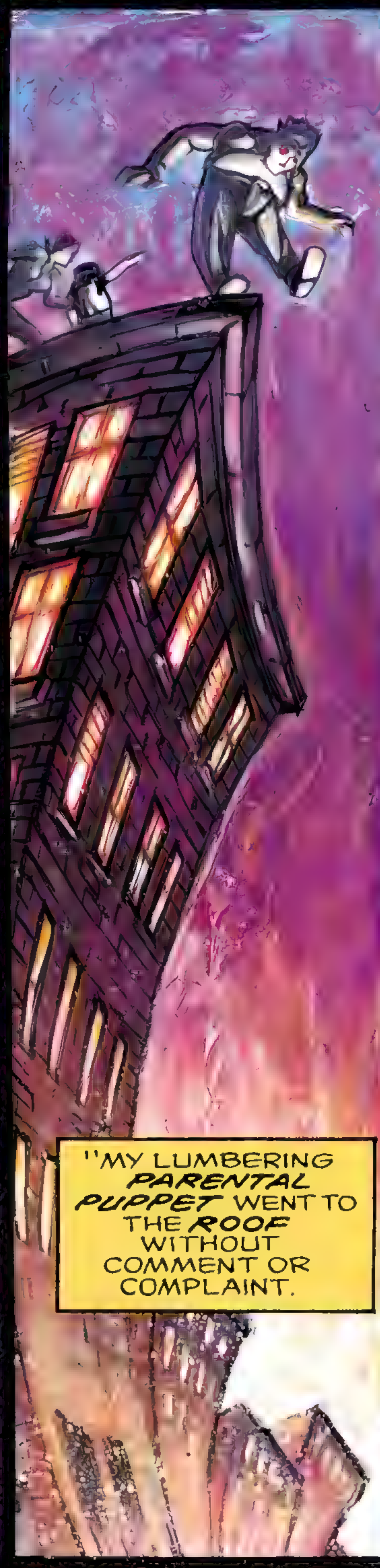
"I LEFT HIM **JUST**
ENOUGH **AWARENESS**
TO KNOW WHAT WAS
COMING DOWN.



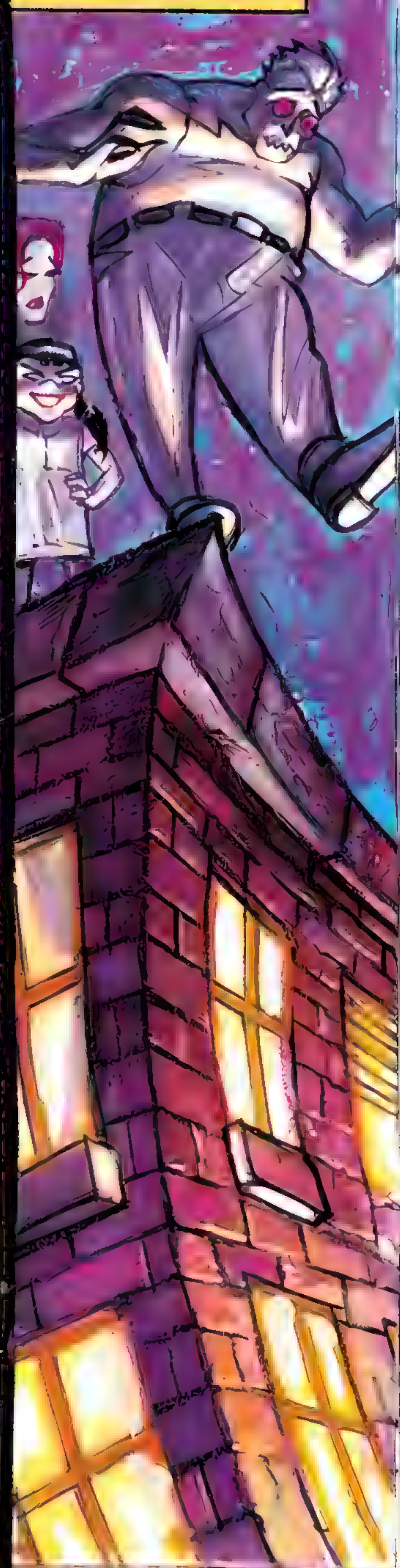
"BUT HE DIDN'T
HAVE THE **WILL**
TO DO ANYTHING
ABOUT IT.



"PERFECTLY
OBEDIENT,
DISCIPLINED,
WITHOUT ME..."



"MY LUMBERING
PARENTAL
PUPPET WENT TO
THE **ROOF**
WITHOUT
COMMENT OR
COMPLAINT.



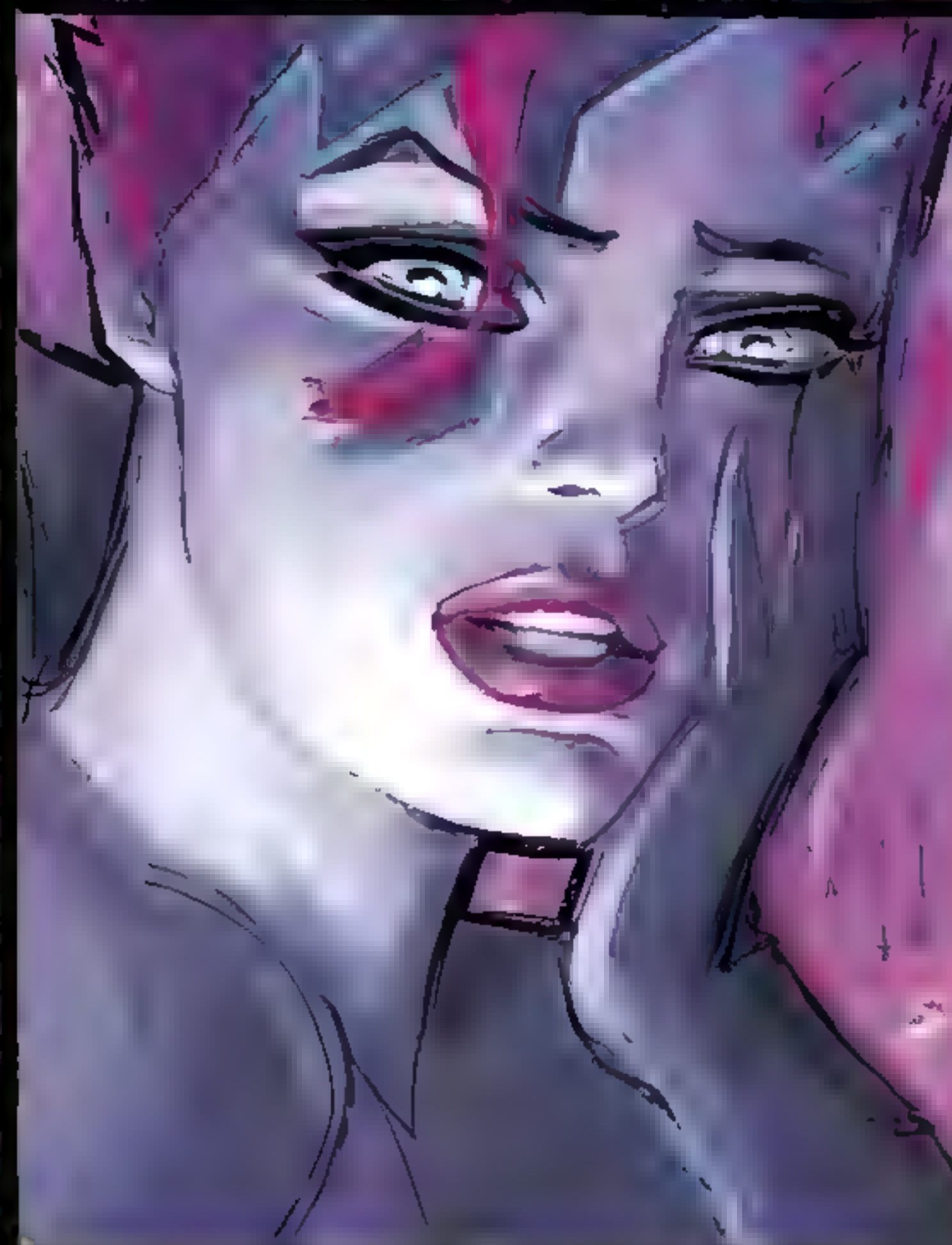
"...EVER HAVING
TO LAY A HAND
ON HIM.



GO
AHEAD,
DAD!



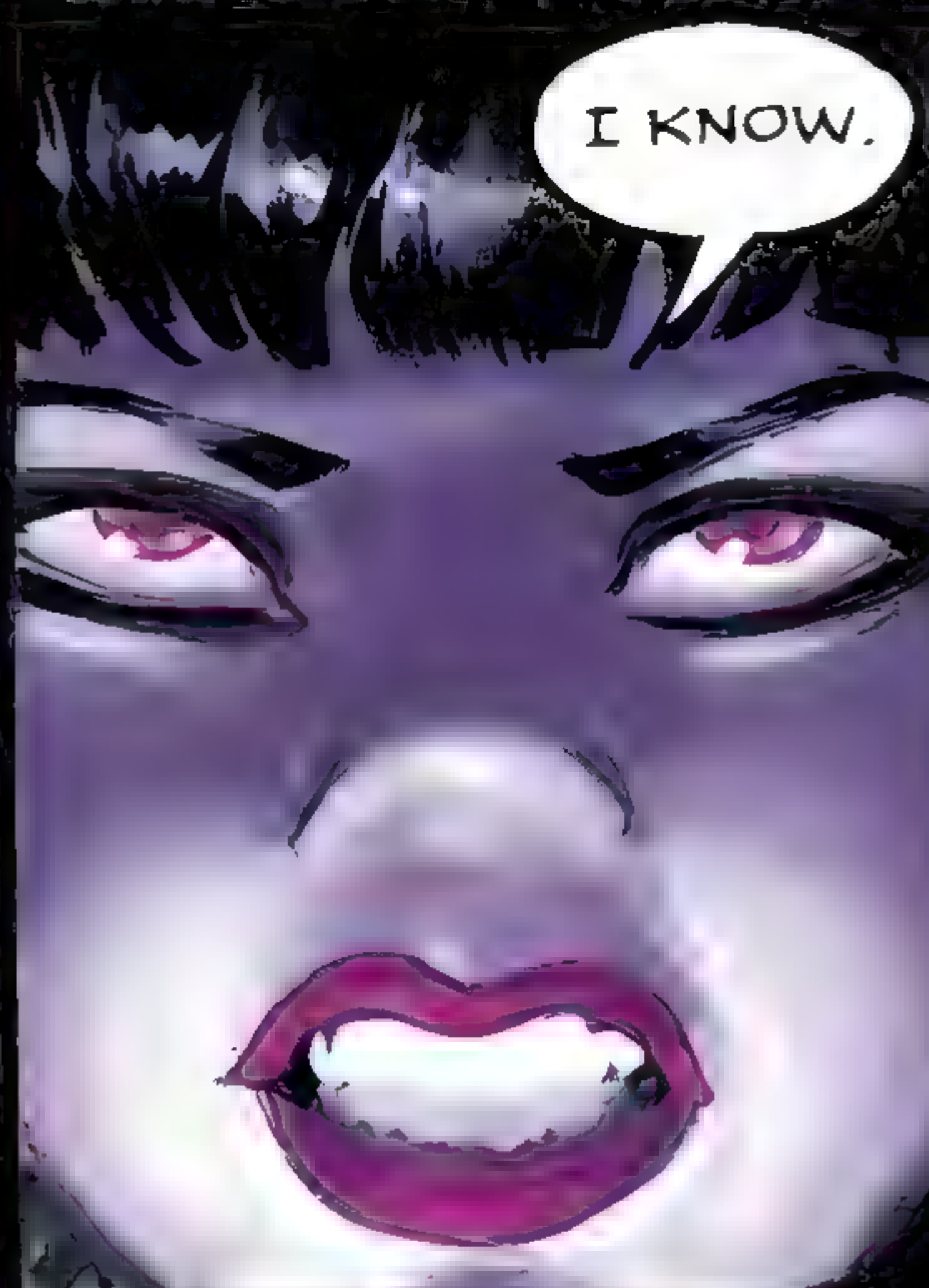
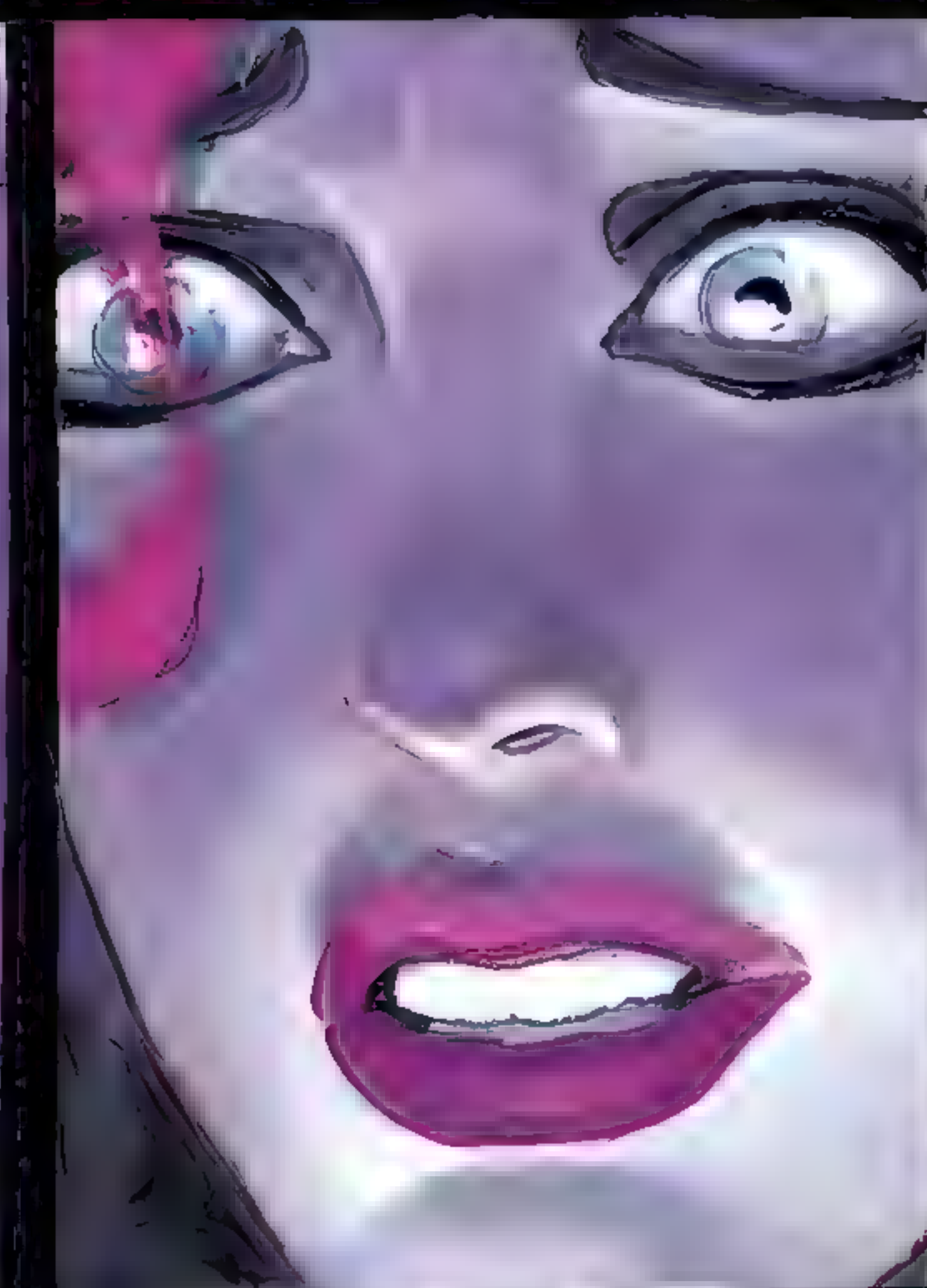
CAN'T!
TOO
HIGH!



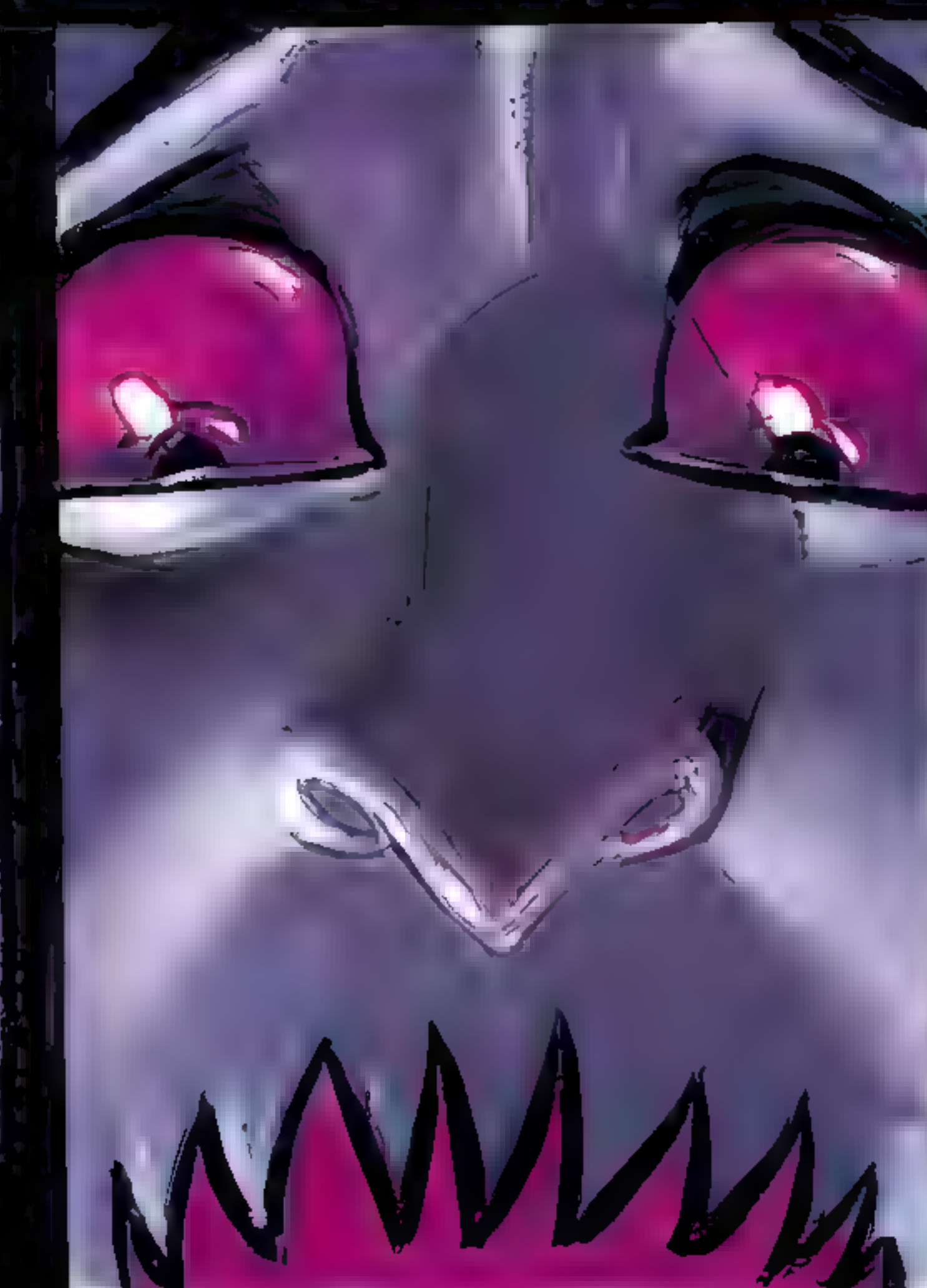
IT'S
JUST A
STEP
DOWN.

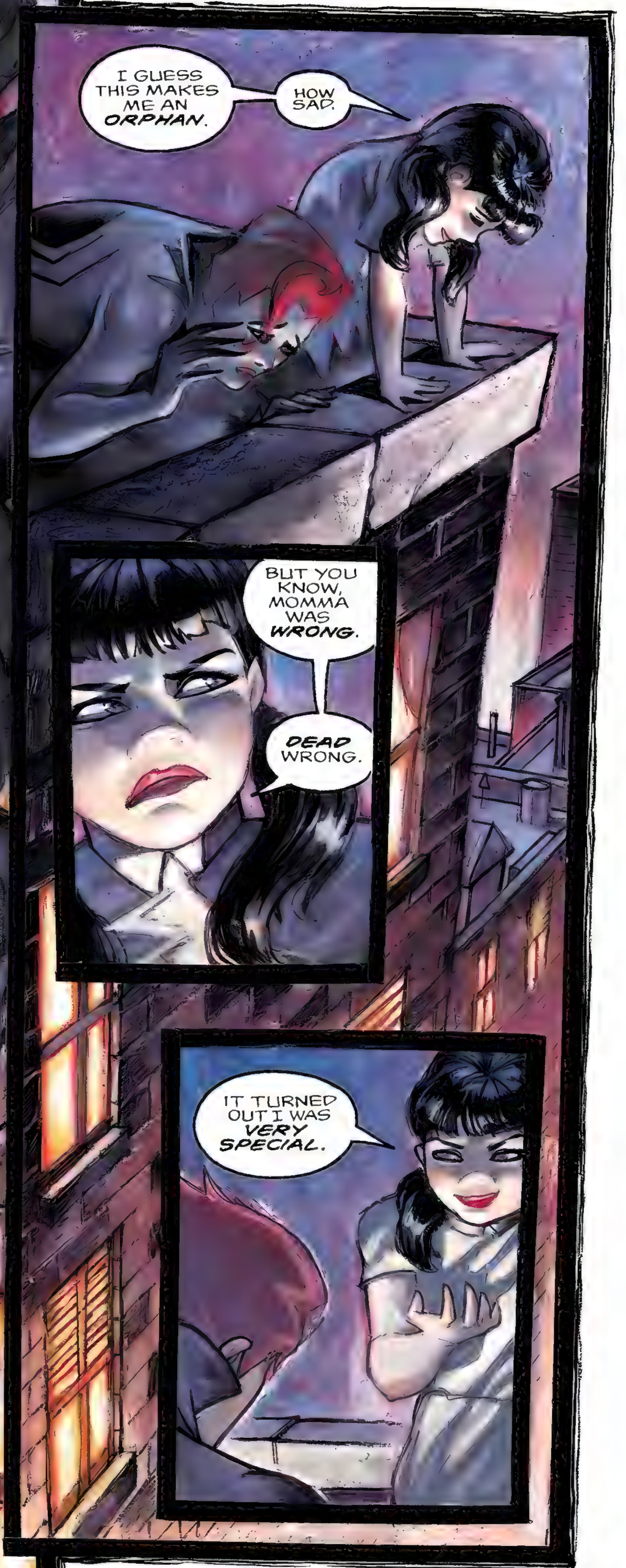


I'LL
DIE!



I KNOW.





A large, muscular figure in a red suit is shown in a crouched, ready position in a snowy, blizzardy environment. In the background, a large, multi-story building is on fire, with bright orange flames and smoke rising into the air. The scene is filled with falling snow and a hazy, purple-tinged sky.

THIS'S AS FAR
AS THIS *JUNK*
HEAP'S GOING.

THEN AGAIN I'M NOT
SURE HOW LONG *I'M*
GOING TO LAST IN
THIS *WEATHER*.

AN *HOUR*, MAYBE *TWO*.

IF THE *WIDOW'S*
ANY FARTHER AWAY
THAN *THAT...*

...WE'RE BOTH
HISTORY!

A wide shot of the red-suited figure running away from the viewer across a snowy field. The burning building is still visible in the background to the left, and the blizzard continues to rage around the figure.



BUT YOU FOUND YOU WEREN'T QUITE AS **SPECIAL** AS YOU THOUGHT, DIDN'T YOU?

MET MY **FIRST TELEPATH** IN A BAR IN JERSEY. GOT HIM **DRUNK** AND **SLIT** HIS THROAT.

HE **HAD** TO DIE. THEY **ALL** DO.

OTHERWISE I **WON'T** BE **SPECIAL**.



"WHAT ABOUT **CHARLIE**?"

"HE'S JUST YOUR RUN-OF-THE-MILL **SERIAL KILLER**."



"MET HIM ALONG THE WAY AND NOW USE HIM FOR **HEAVY WORK**."

"BUT CHARLIE DID **TEACH** ME ABOUT THE **ART**."



"FROM HIS **MIND** I DISCOVERED THE **BEAUTY** OF WHAT WE DO."

"IT'S ALL LIKE SOME GRAND **EPIC PLAY** TO CHARLIE."

"THIS SHACK IS
HIS *STAGE*. HE
BUILT IT AND
CHERISHES IT.

"HE RELISHES
THE *DRAMATIC*
BUILD-UP,
THE LIFE AND DEATH
SUSPENSE.

"...A GOOD
CLIMAX!"



"BUT WHAT HE
LOVES MORE THAN
ANYTHING IS...





AND THEN
THERE
WAS ONE.

MATT,
WHERE
ARE YOU?

CHARLIE, ME
BOY, WE'VE GOT
COMPANY ON
THE WAY.



GOD HELP ME!

I WAS SO BUSY
NOT THINKING
ABOUT MY WRISTS
I BETRAYED
MATT!

KNEW HE'D
BACK ME UP
EVEN THOUGH
HE NEVER
SAID
ANYTHING.

HAVE TO
USE THIS
BLUNDER
TO MY
ADVANTAGE.



ALMOST
THERE!

BLIP!
BLIP!
BLIP!

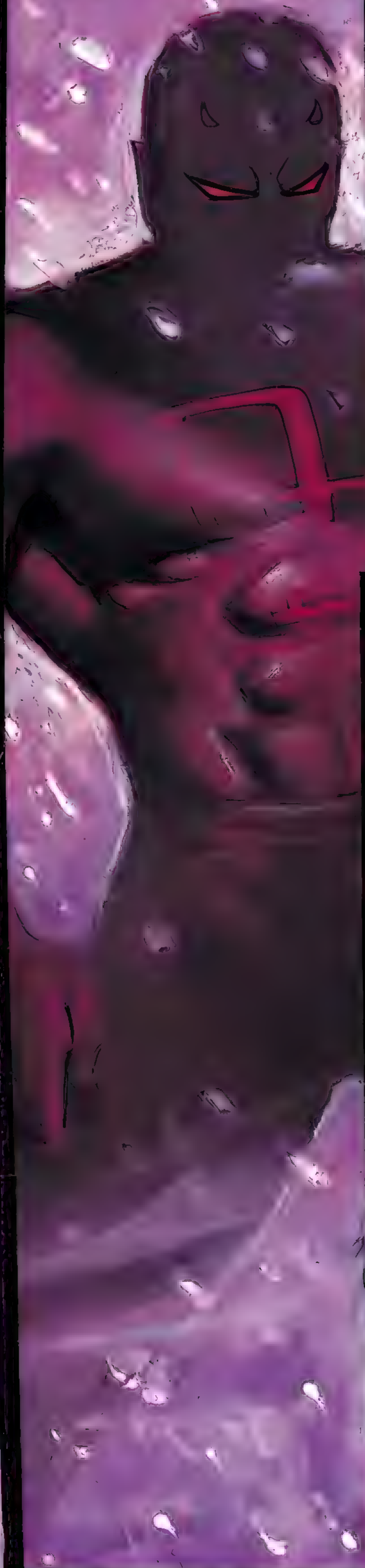


BUT WILL I BE OF
ANY *USE* WHEN I
FINALLY ARRIVE?

SO *CHILLED*
AND *STIFF*.

AND THE COLD, SNOW
AND WIND ARE
THOROUGHLY *SCREWING*
UP MY *HYPER SENSES*.

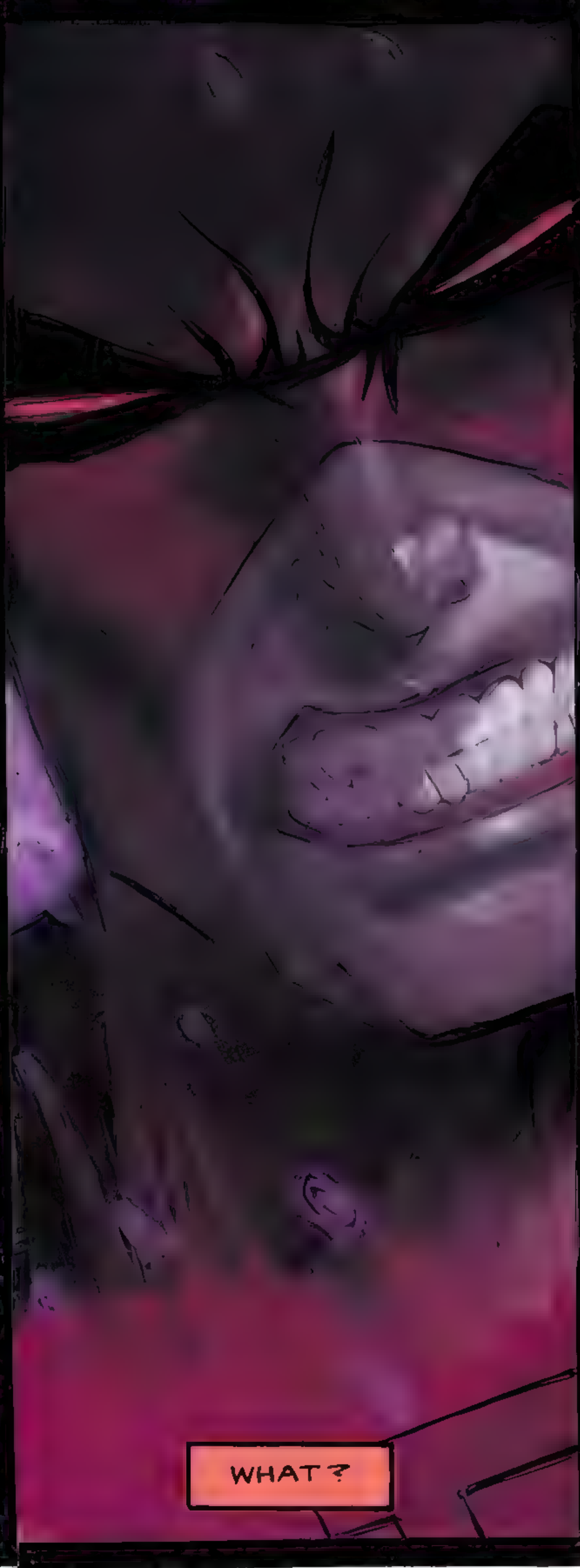
BUMPED INTO
THREE TREES
SO FAR.



GOT TO PULL IT
TOGETHER.

TAS *NEEDS* ME.

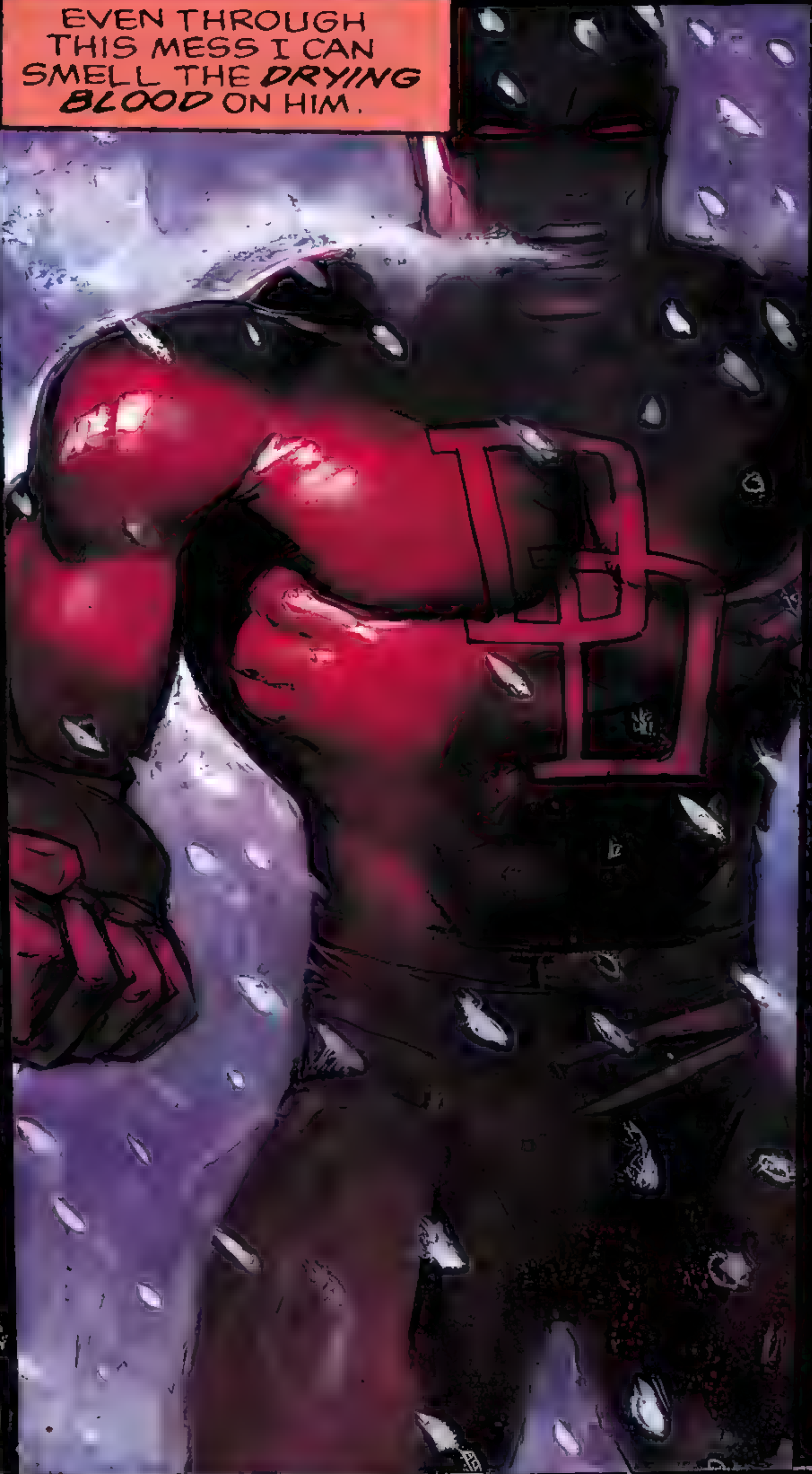
CAN'T *FAIL*
HER NOW.



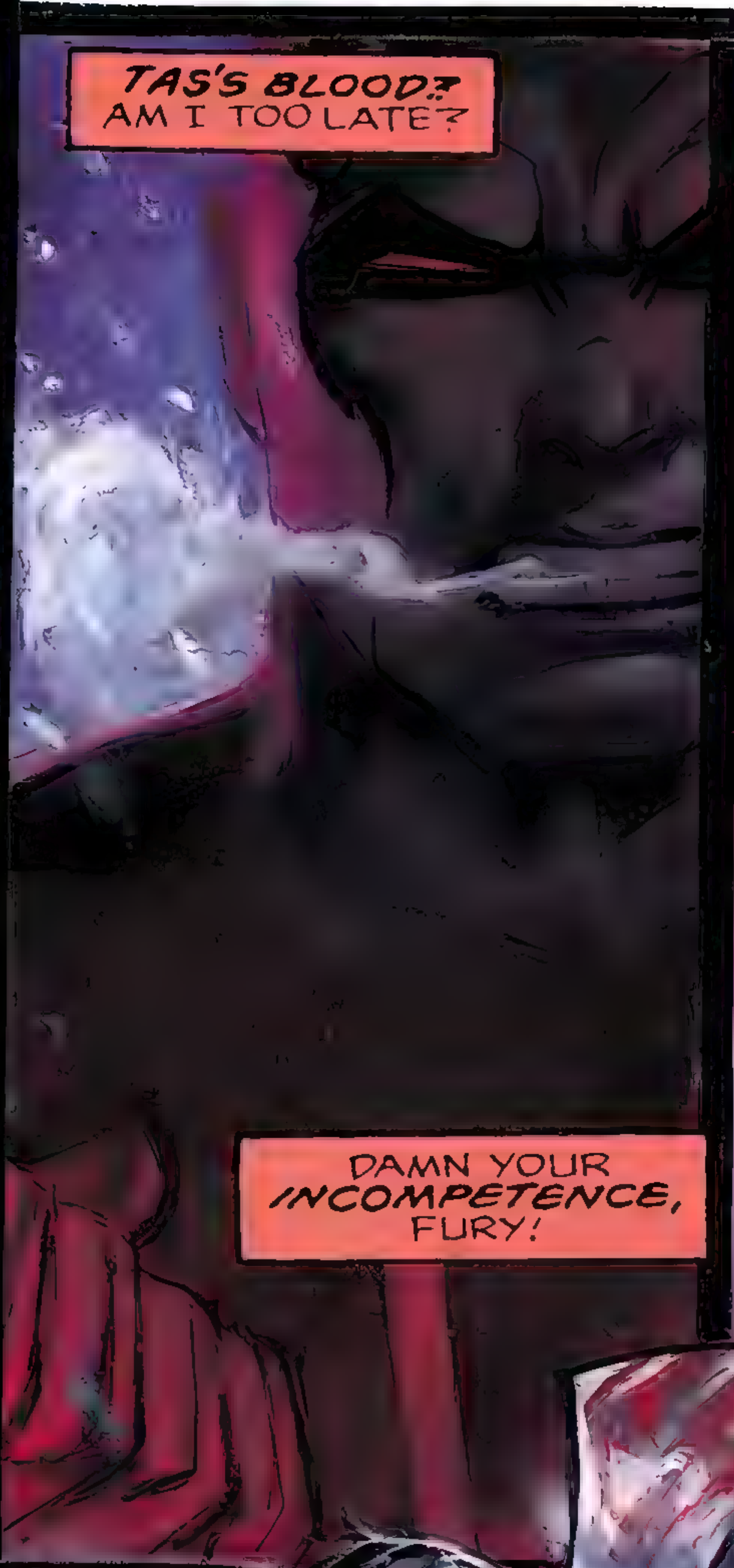
WHAT?



EVEN THROUGH
THIS MESS I CAN
SMELL THE *DRYING*
BLOOD ON HIM.



TAS'S BLOOD?
AM I TOO LATE?



DAMN THAT
BEAT-UP
OLD TAXI!

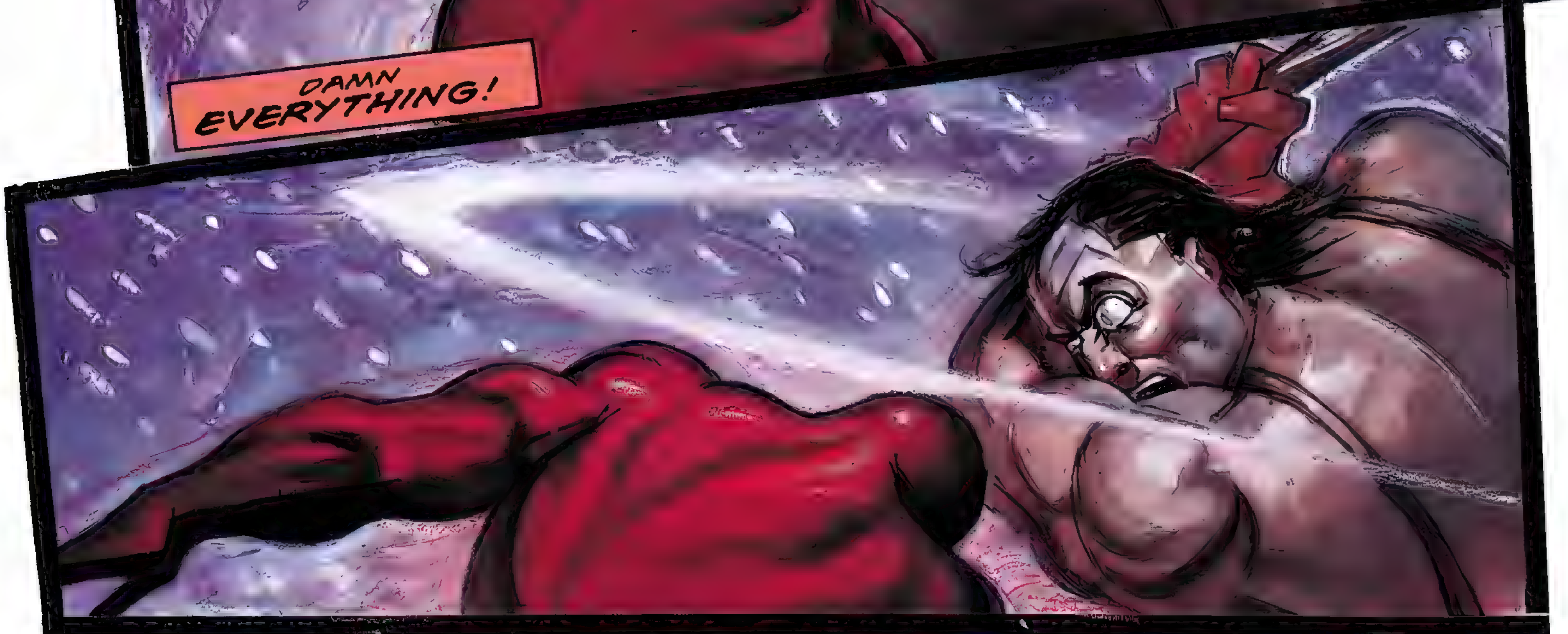
DAMN THIS
SNOW!



DAMN YOUR
INCOMPETENCE,
FURY!



DAMN
EVERYTHING!





IT'S LIKE
BEATING ON
A **BRICK**
WALL.

THERE'S **ROCK-
HARD MUSCLE**
UNDER THAT FLAB.



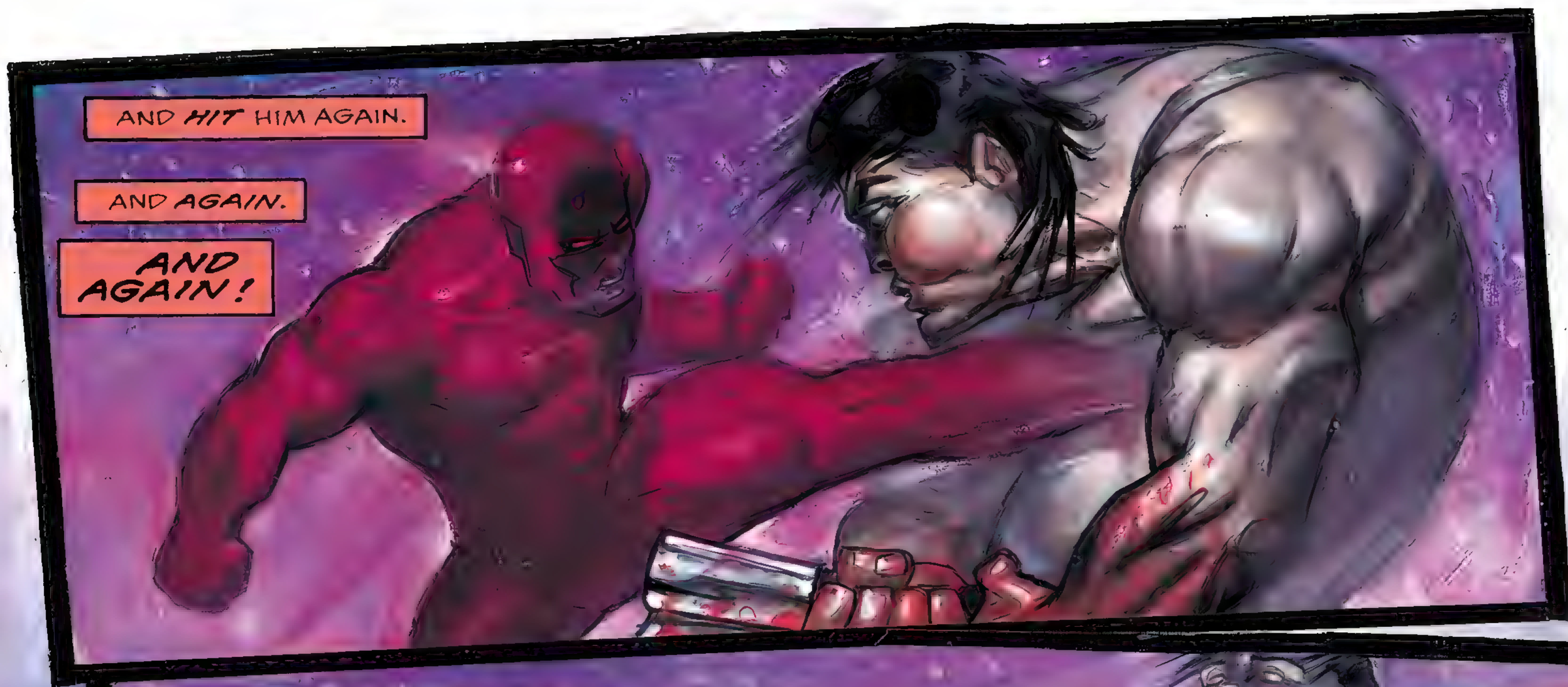
SURE, MAYBE I **CAN'T**
READ HIM AS
WELL AS I SHOULD!

BUT I'VE FACED
TOUGHER AND
WALKED AWAY A
WINNER.

IT WON'T BE **ANY**
DIFFERENT TODAY!



BUT I CAN **SENSE**
HIM **ENOUGH**
TO **HIT** HIM!



AND *HIT* HIM AGAIN.

AND AGAIN.

AND
AGAIN!



IN THE *END* THAT'S
ALL IT TAKES.

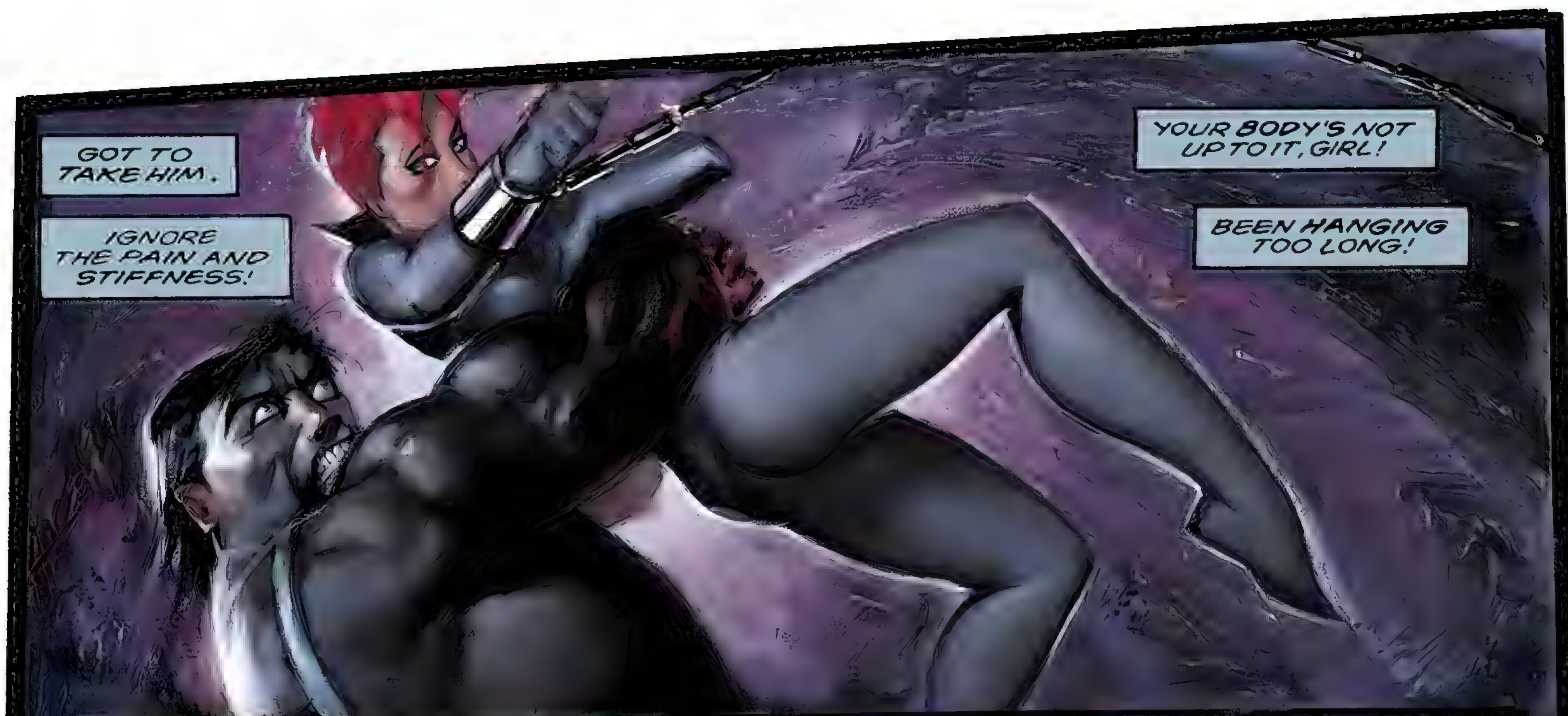
*NOTHING
ELSE
MATTERS."*

HUH?







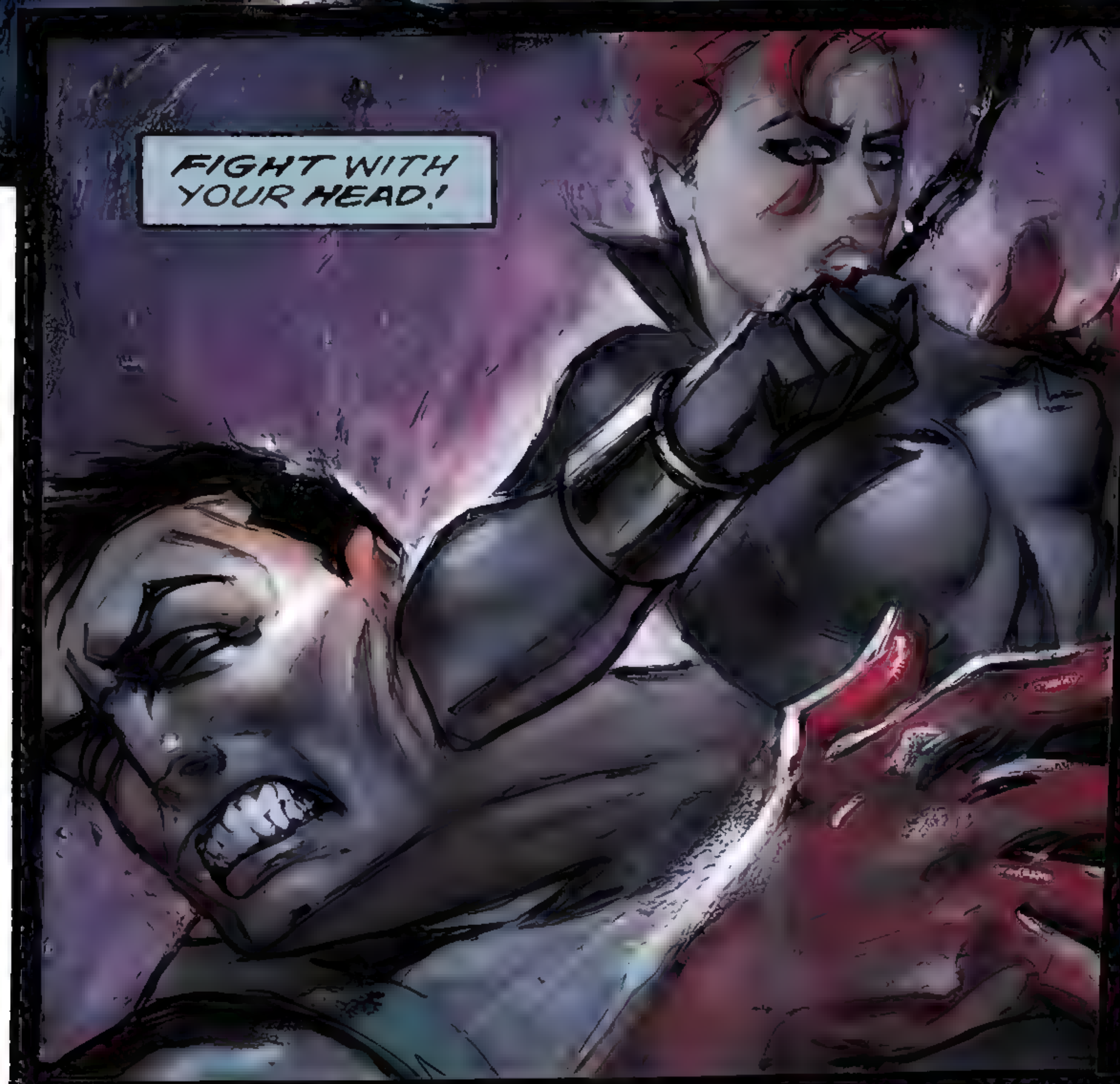


GOT TO
TAKE HIM.

IGNORE
THE PAIN AND
STIFFNESS!

YOUR BODY'S NOT
UP TO IT, GIRL!

BEEN HANGING
TOO LONG!



FIGHT WITH
YOUR HEAD!

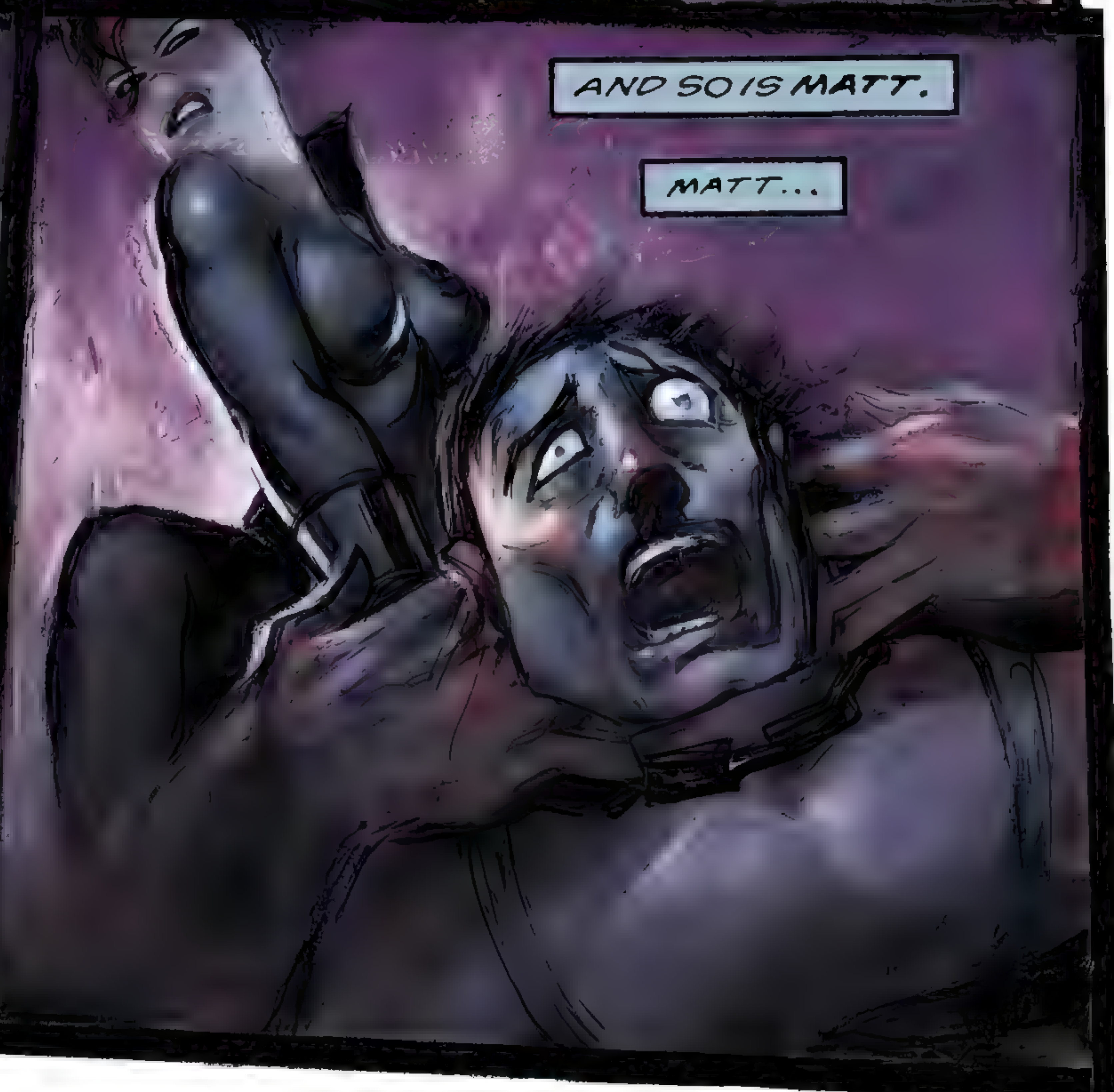


USE ANYTHING
THAT COMES TO HAND
AS A WEAPON.

THIS IS NO TIME
TO WORRY ABOUT
FIGHTING FAIR!



YOU DON'T DROP
CHARLIE OUT,
YOU'RE DEAD!



AND SO IS MATT.

MATT...

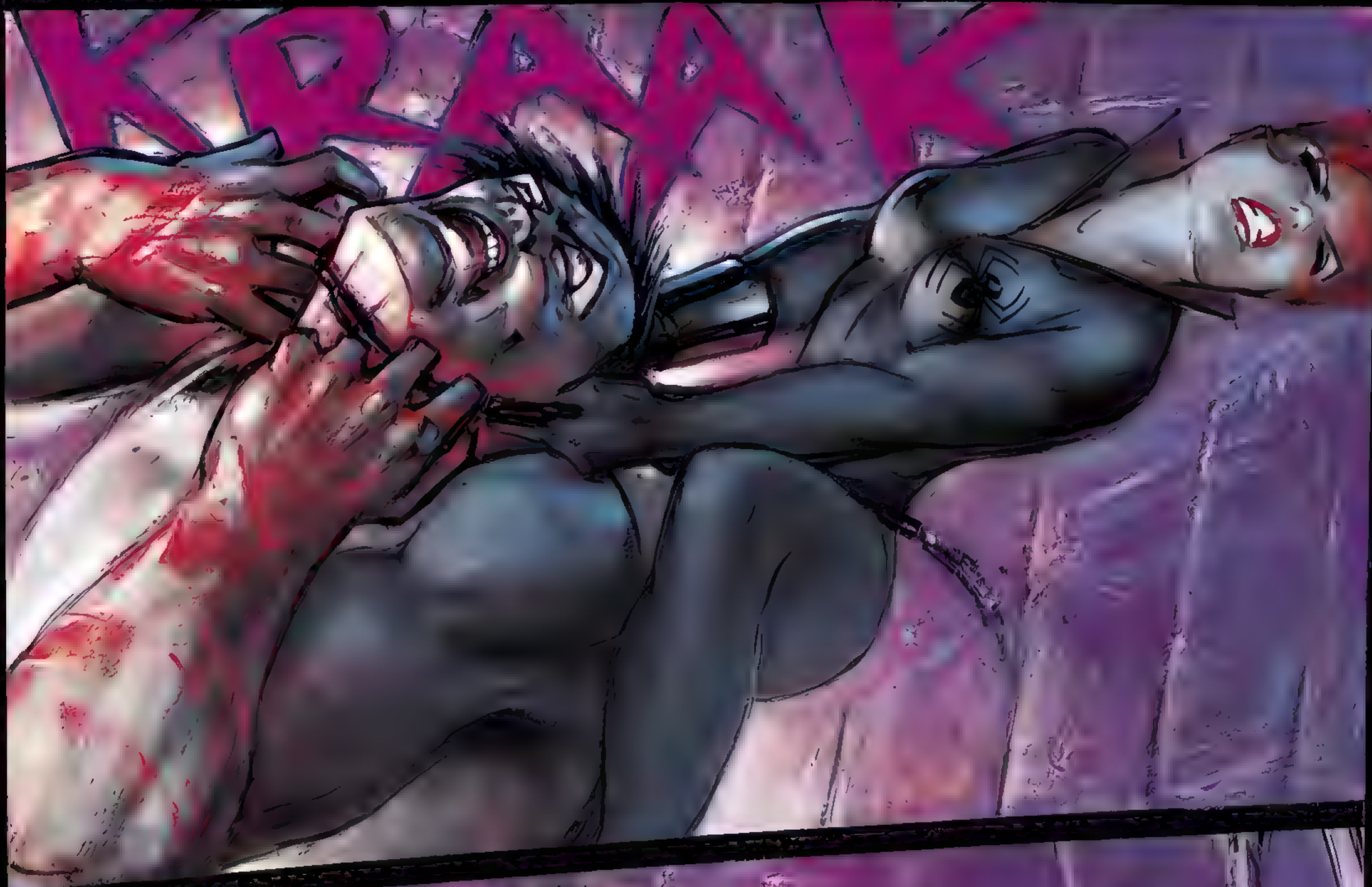
...IS ABOUT
TO GET A NEW
SMILE.
LET CHARLIE
LOOSE AND
WE'LL WORK
THIS OUT.

THEN
MATT AND I
BOTH DIE
HORRIBLY.
OH, MATT...

WHAT'S
IT GOING
TO BE,
WIDOW?
PLAY
OR
PASS?

PLAY!





JUST YOU
AND ME NOW,
ROSIE!

LET'S FIND
OUT JUST HOW
SPECIAL YOU
REALLY ARE!



THAT LAST
VERBAL JAB
DOES THE JOB!

ROSE COMES
DIRECTLY FOR ME,
MATT COMPLETELY
FORGOTTEN.

NOW ALL I HAVE TO
DO IS SURVIVE
MY OWN CLEVERNESS.

ROSE IS
COMPLETELY
BERSERK!

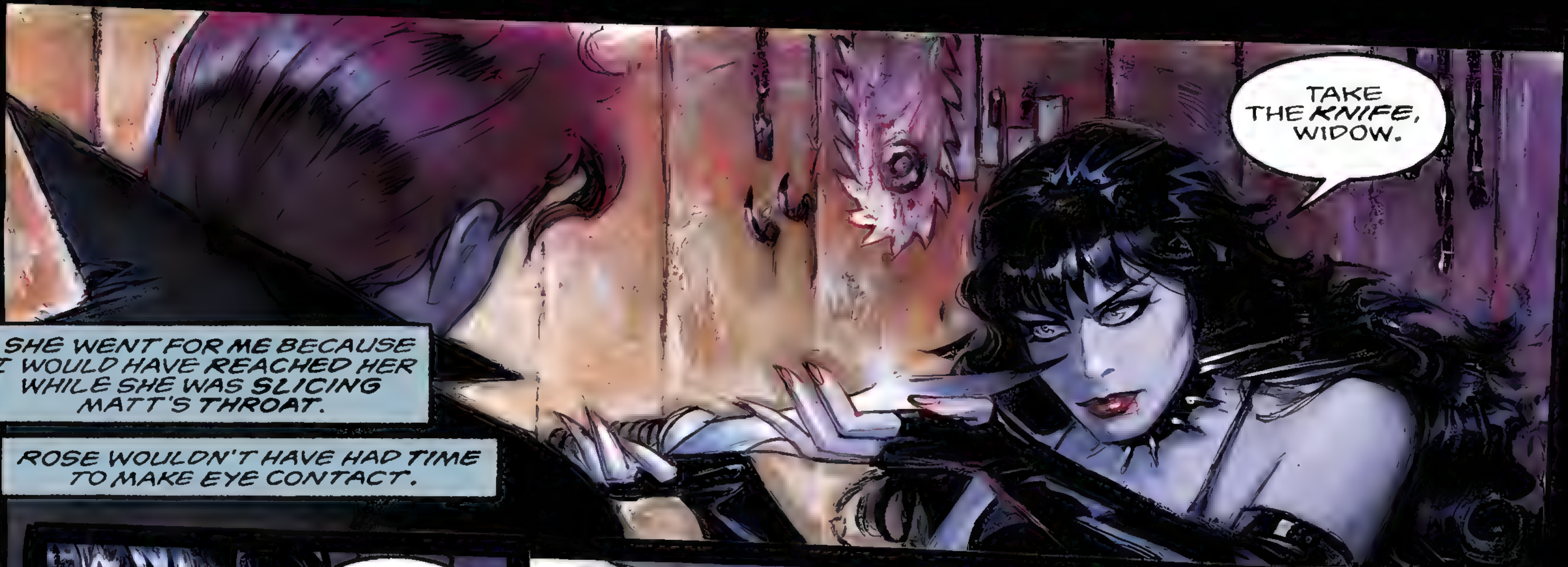
I FIGURE THAT'LL WORK
TO MY ADVANTAGE.

AN ANGRY ENEMY IS
AN UNTHINKING FOE.

MY TRAINING AND
SKILL WILL WIN OUT
IN THE END.

BUT THEN
I DISCOVER...

...ROSIE'S RAGE WAS
ALL AN ACT.



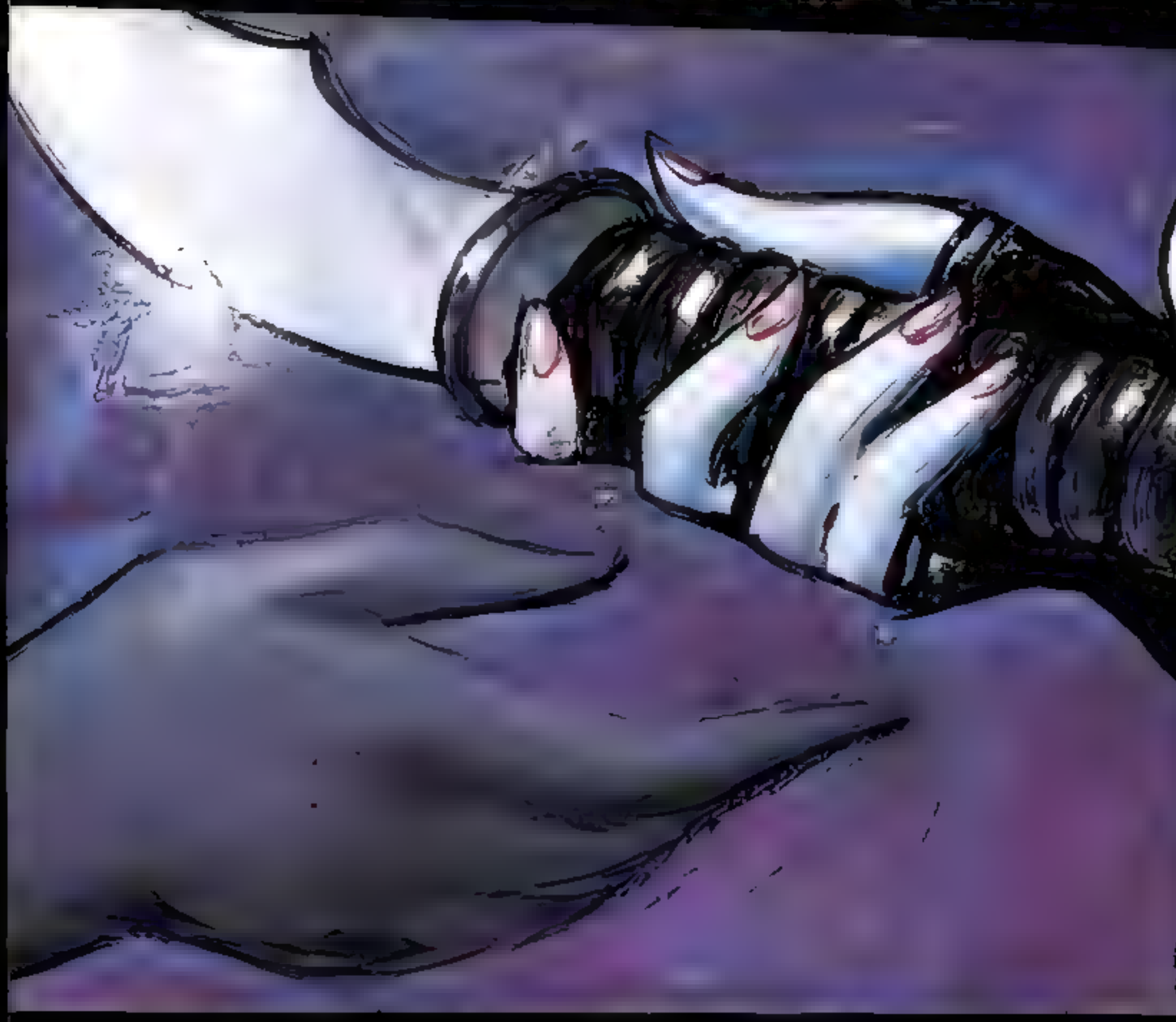
TAKE THE **KNIFE**, WIDOW.

SHE WENT FOR ME BECAUSE I WOULD HAVE REACHED HER WHILE SHE WAS SLICING MATT'S THROAT.

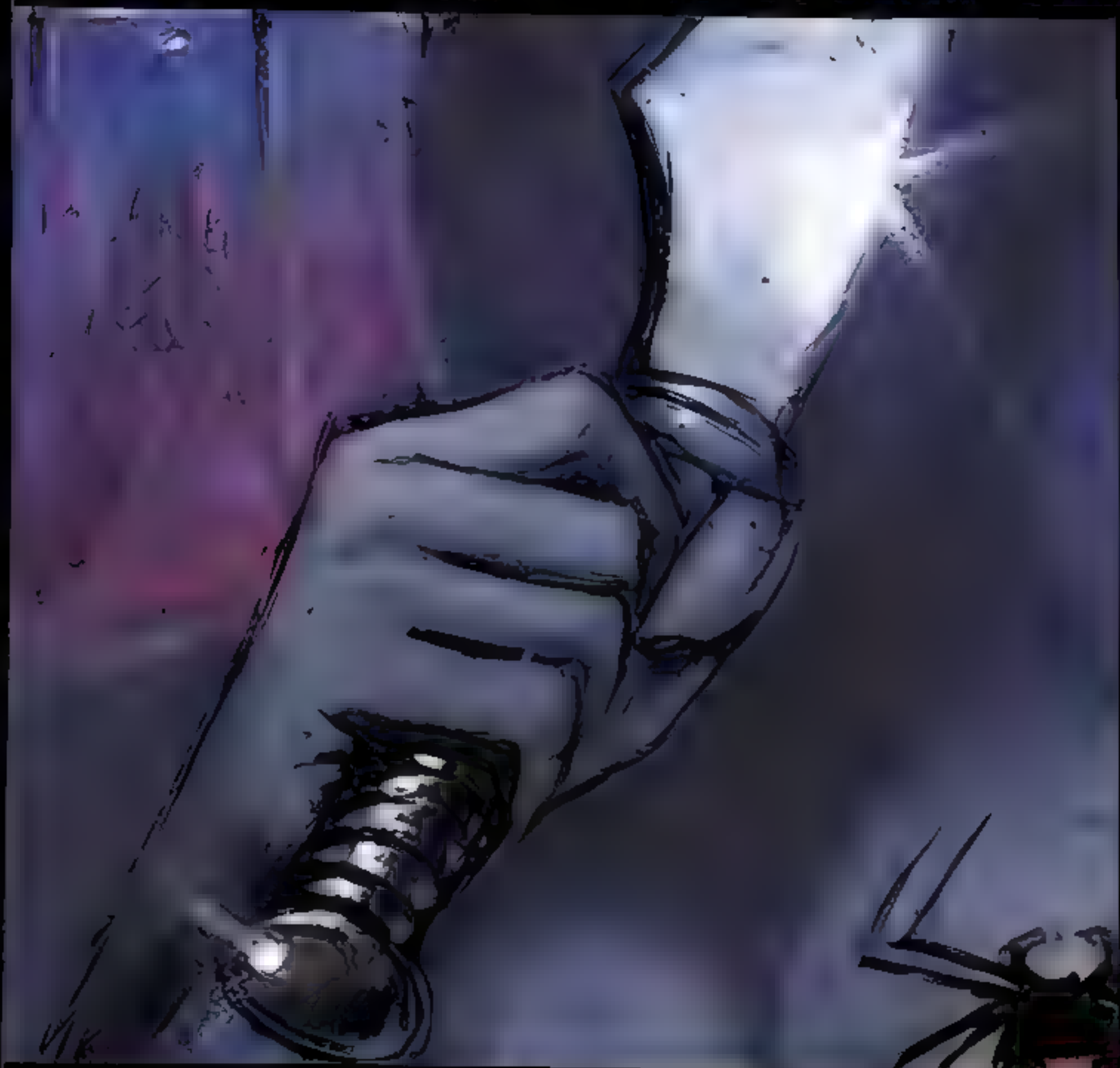
ROSE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TIME TO MAKE EYE CONTACT.



TAKE IT, **BITCH!**



YOU **KNOW** WHAT TO DO WITH IT.



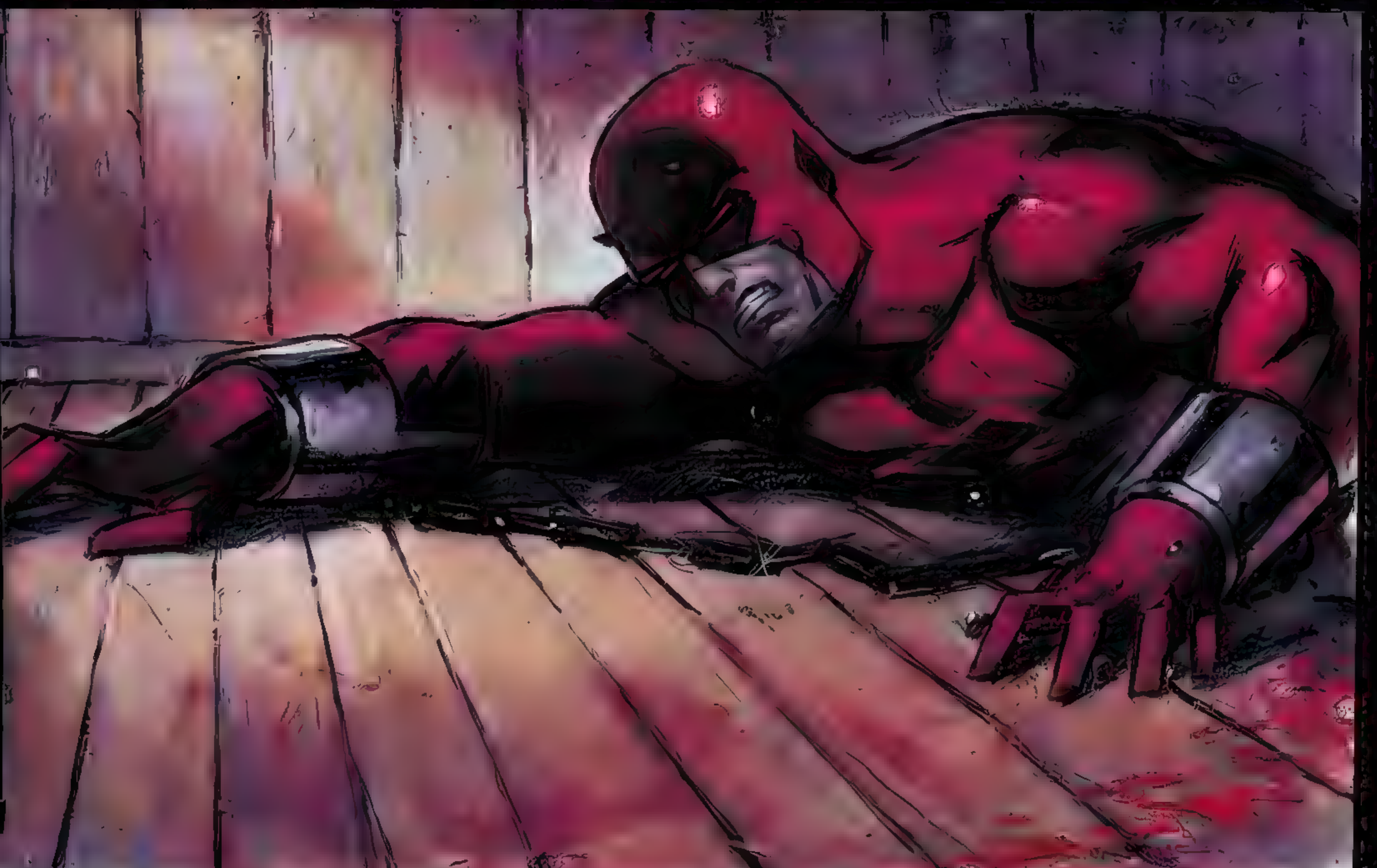
THE **THROAT'S** A GOOD PLACE TO **START**.

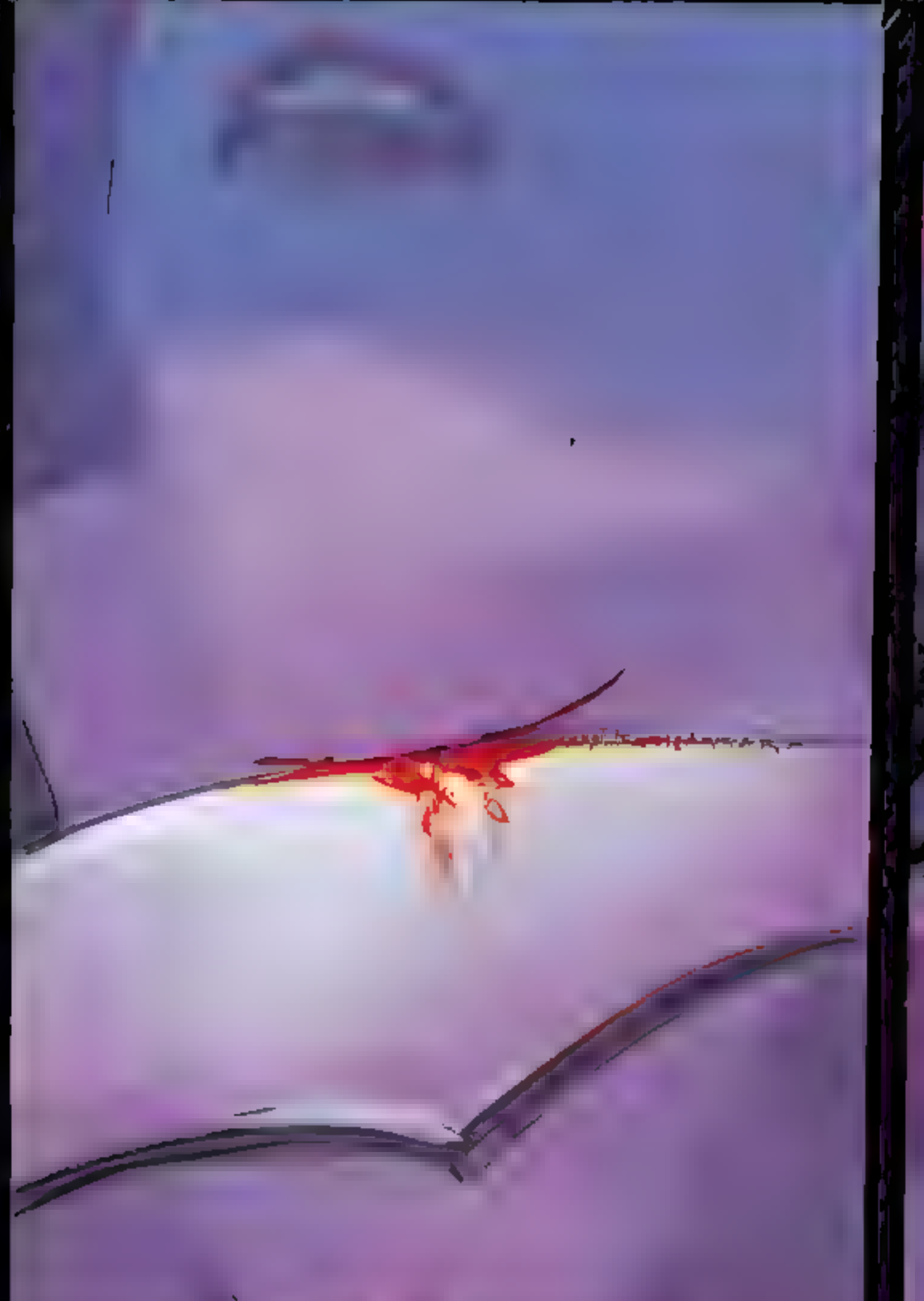
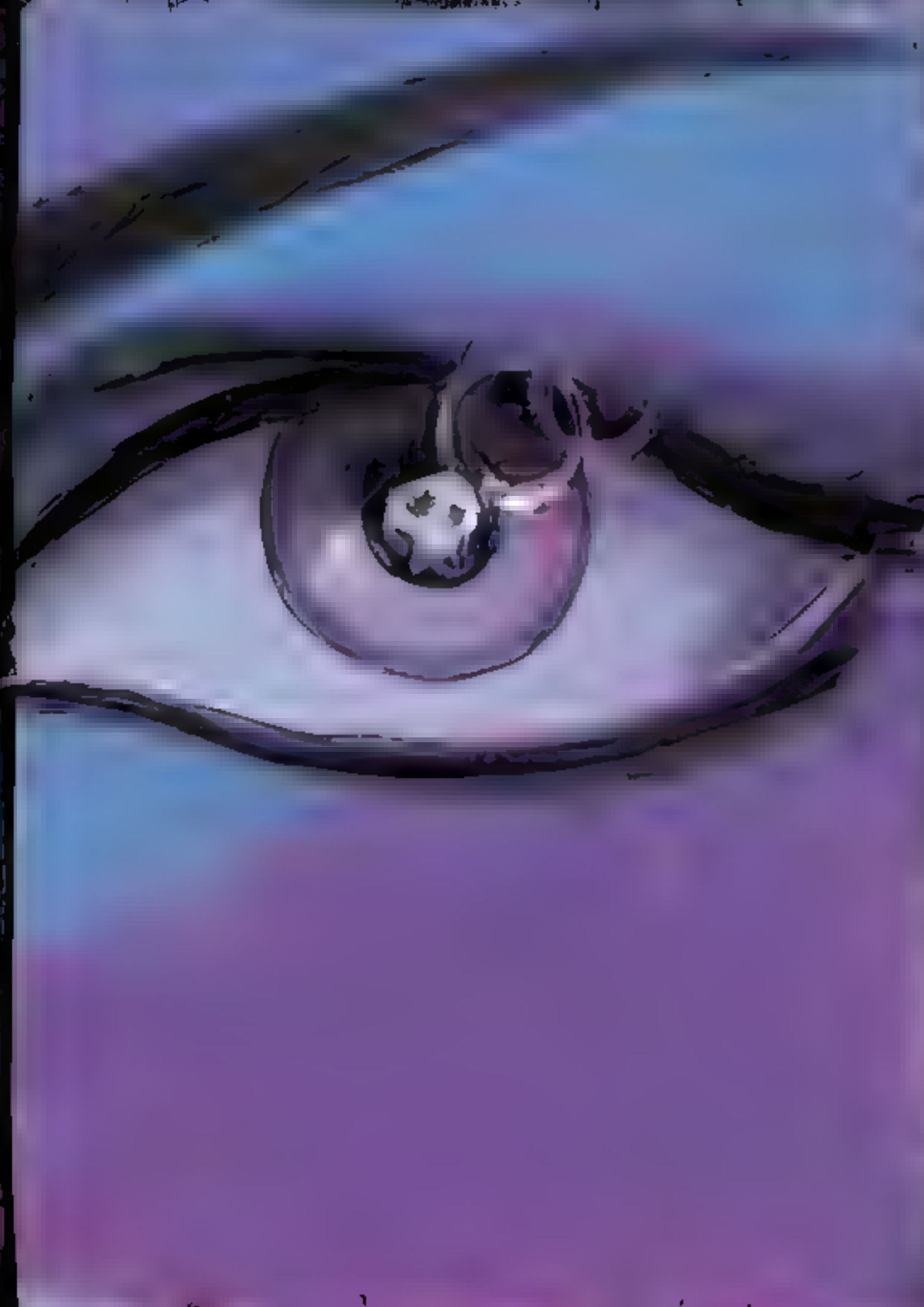
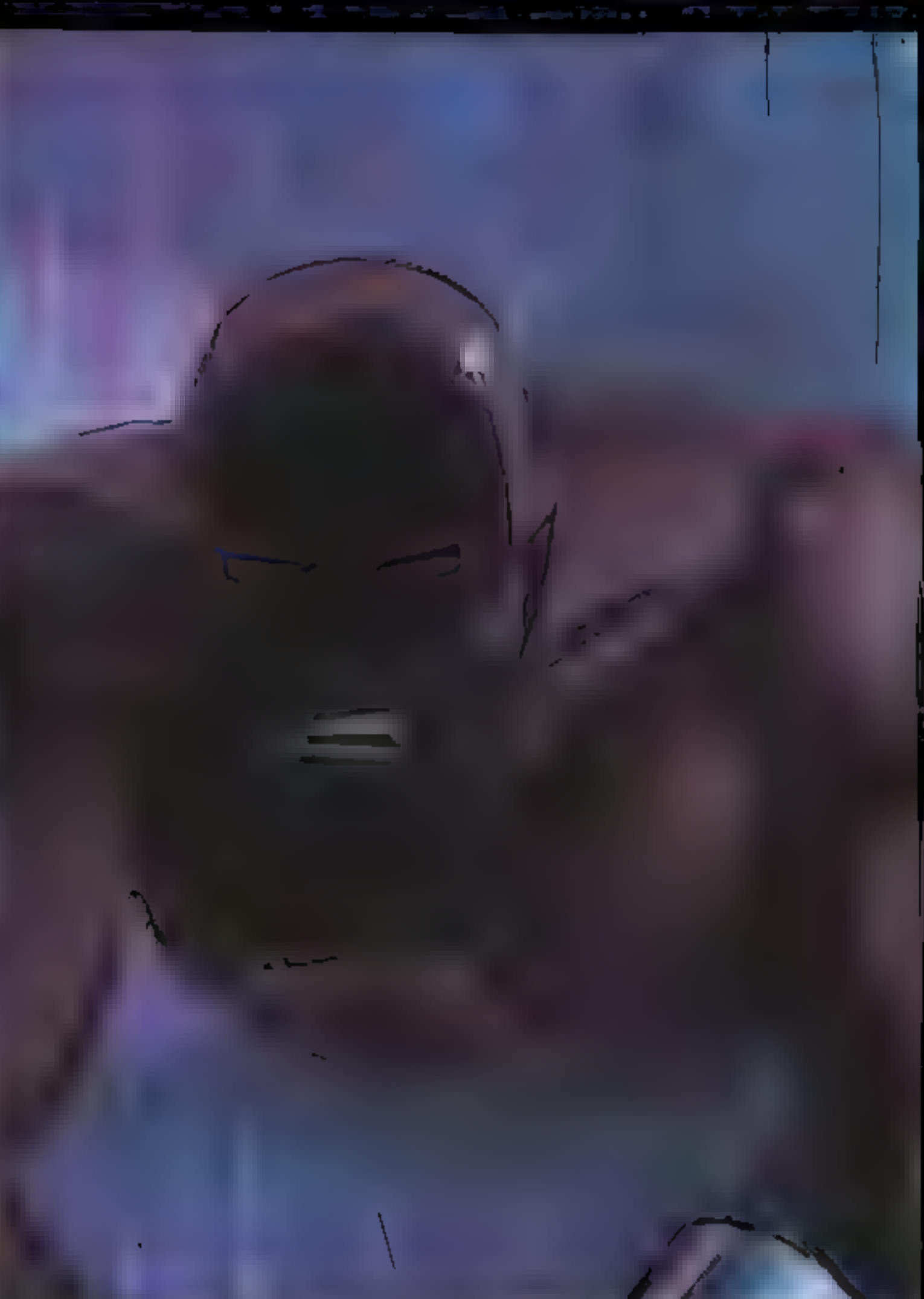
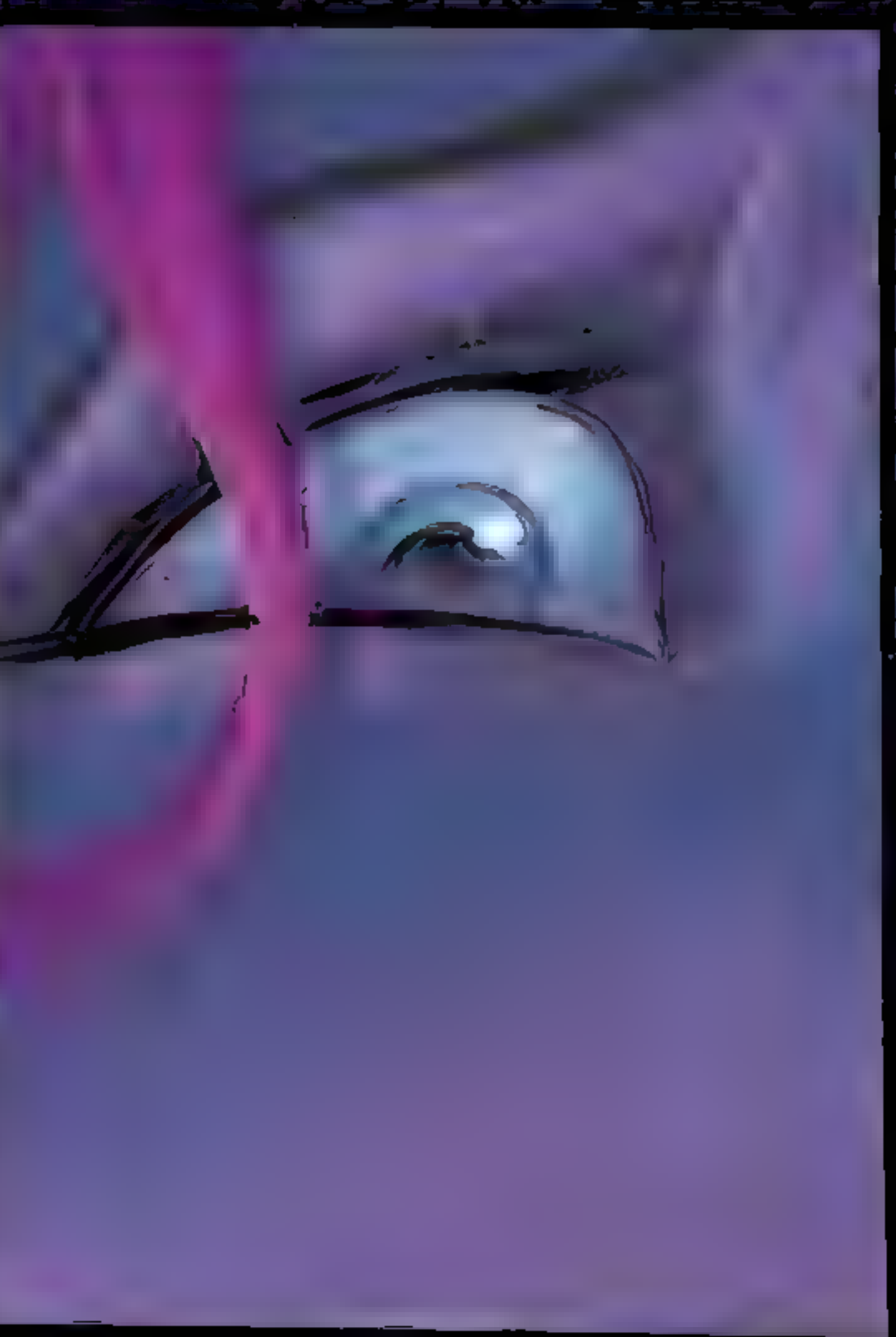
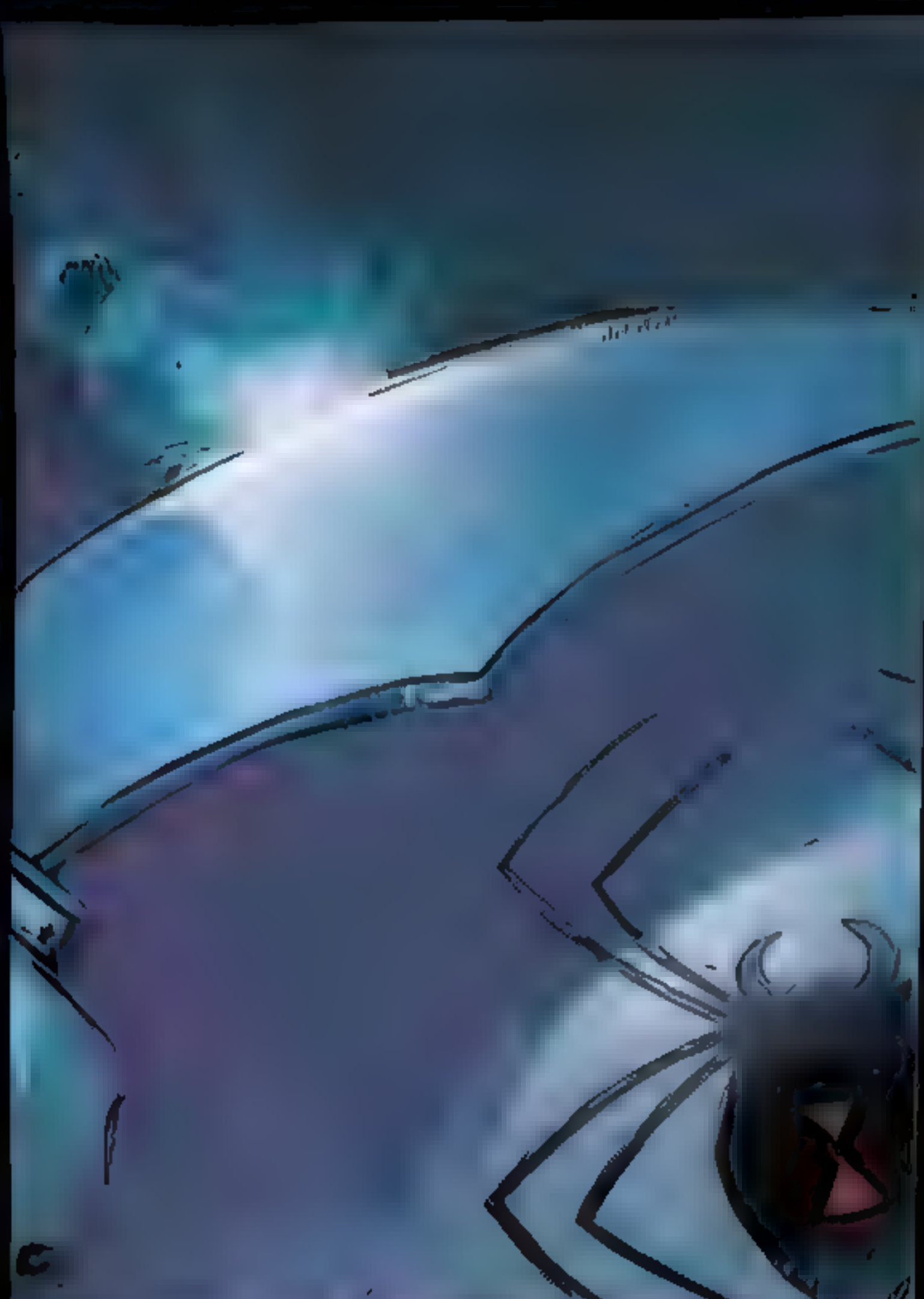


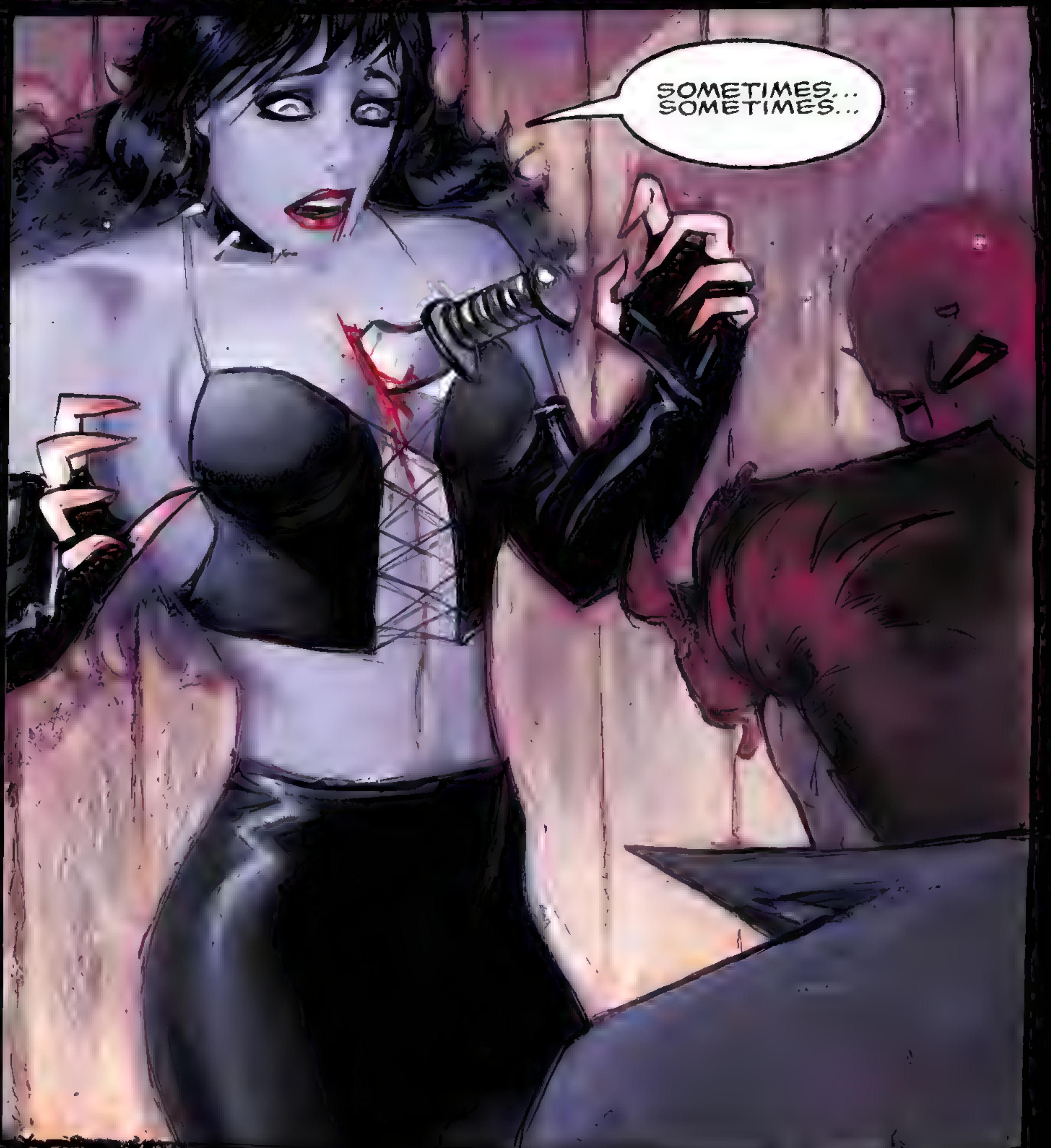
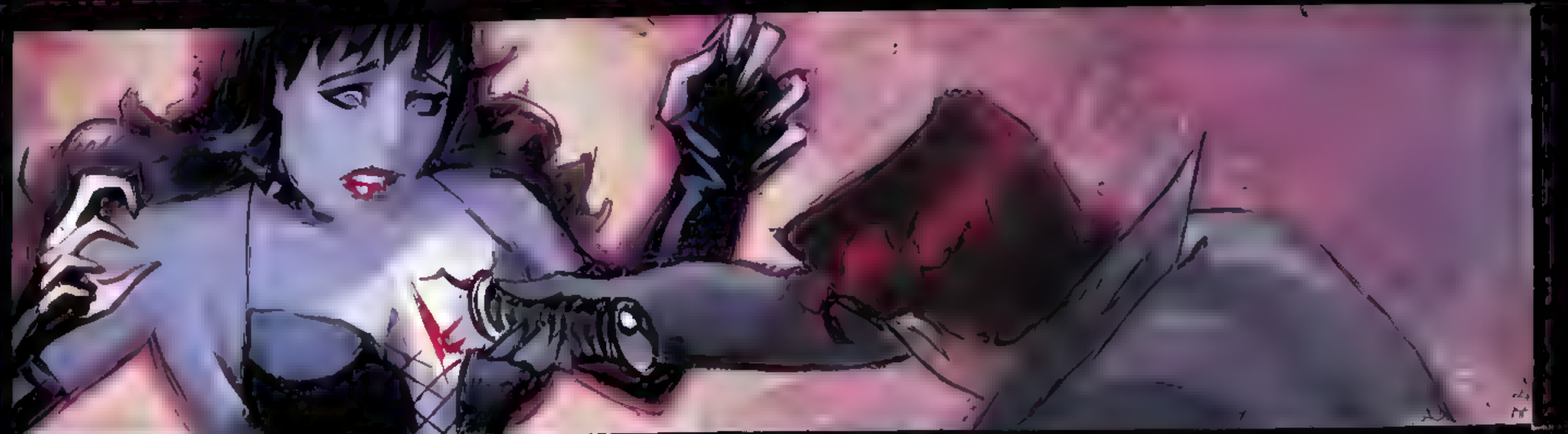
NO!

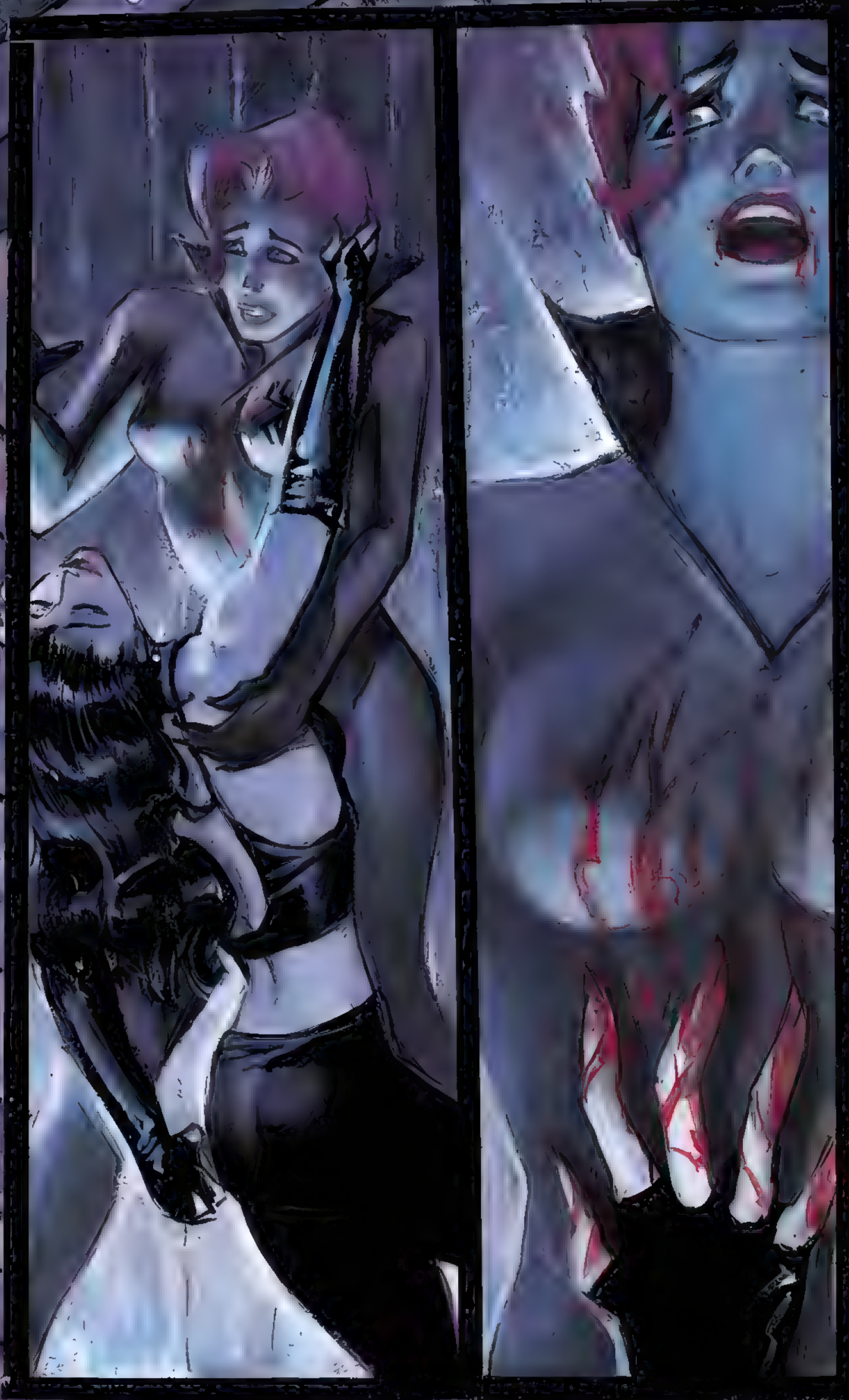
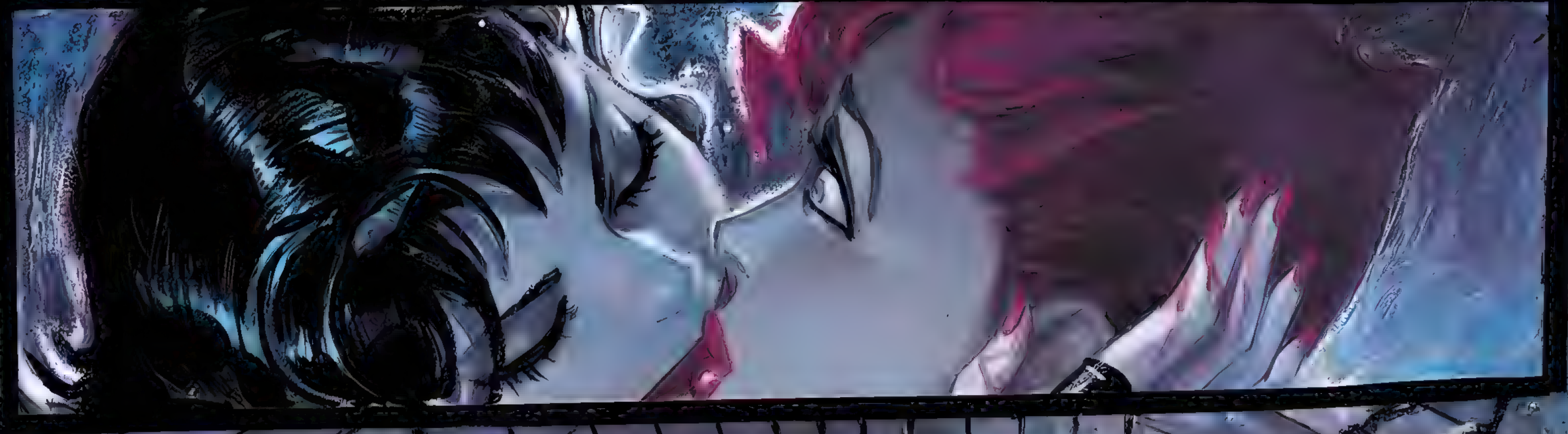
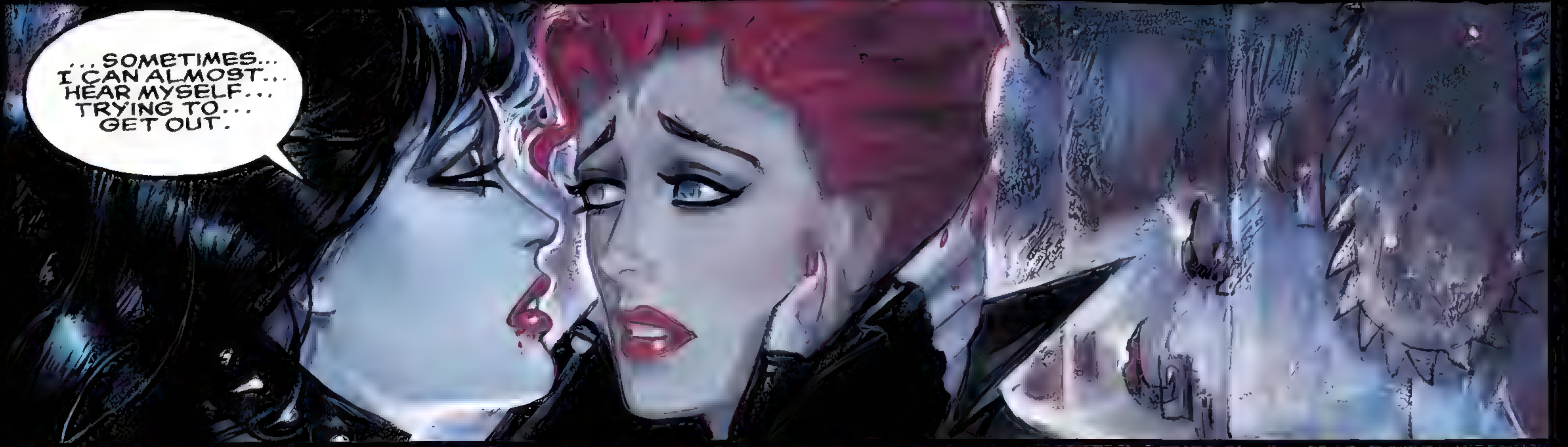


LET'S SEE SOME **BLOOD**, WIDOW!









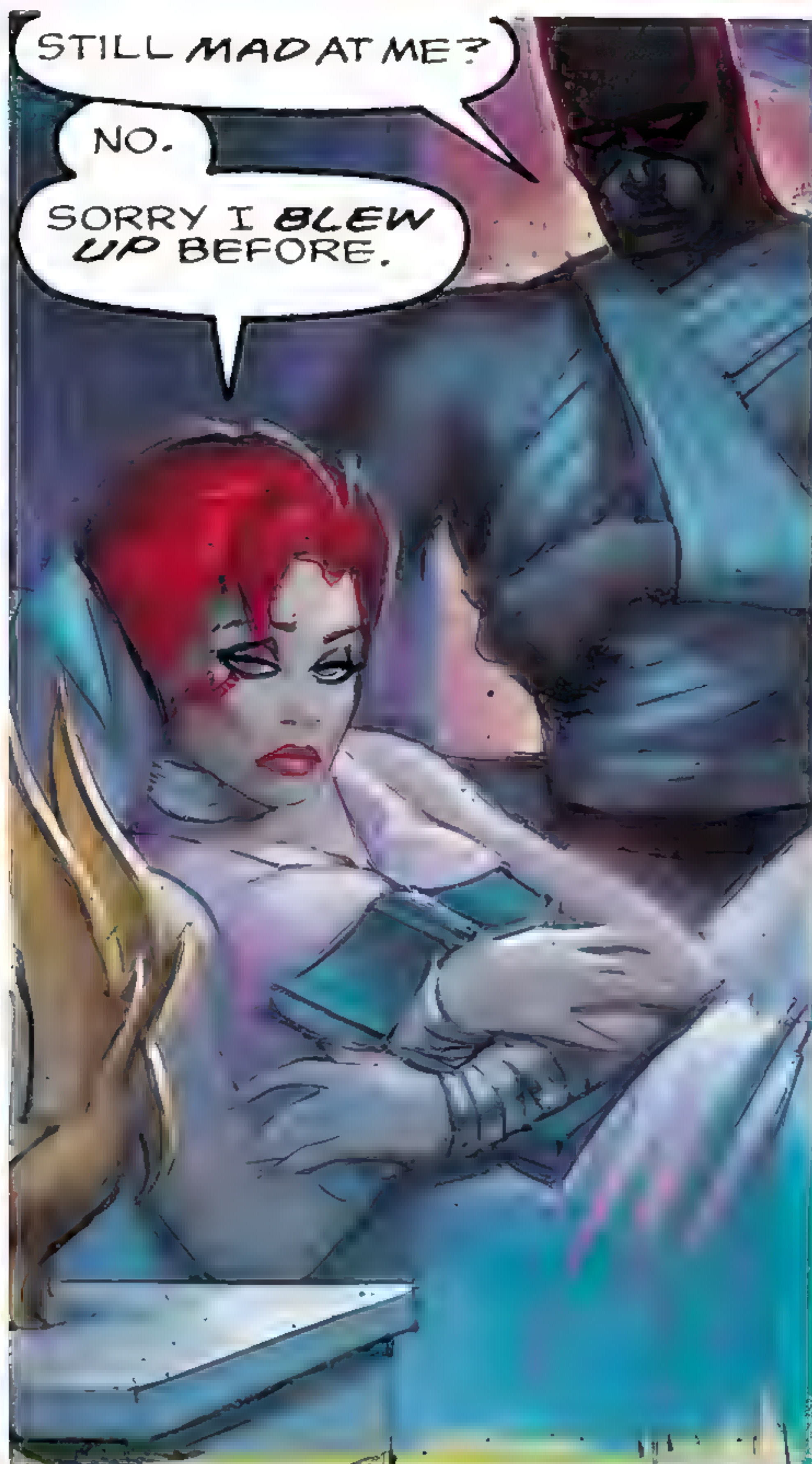


FURY'S MEN
FIND ME CRADLING
ROSE'S BODY
IN MY ARMS.

"HI."

WITHIN A COUPLE OF HOURS
WE'RE IN SHIELD'S
HELI-CARRIER'S **SICK BAY**,
PATCHED UP AND RECOVERING.

"HI YOURSELF."



STILL MAD AT ME?

NO.

SORRY I **BLEW**
UP BEFORE.



I WAS OUT OF LINE,
NOT MYSELF.

FURY FILLED
ME IN ON WHAT
CAME DOWN.



YOU GOT TO THE CABIN
AS **QUICKLY** AS
YOU COULD.

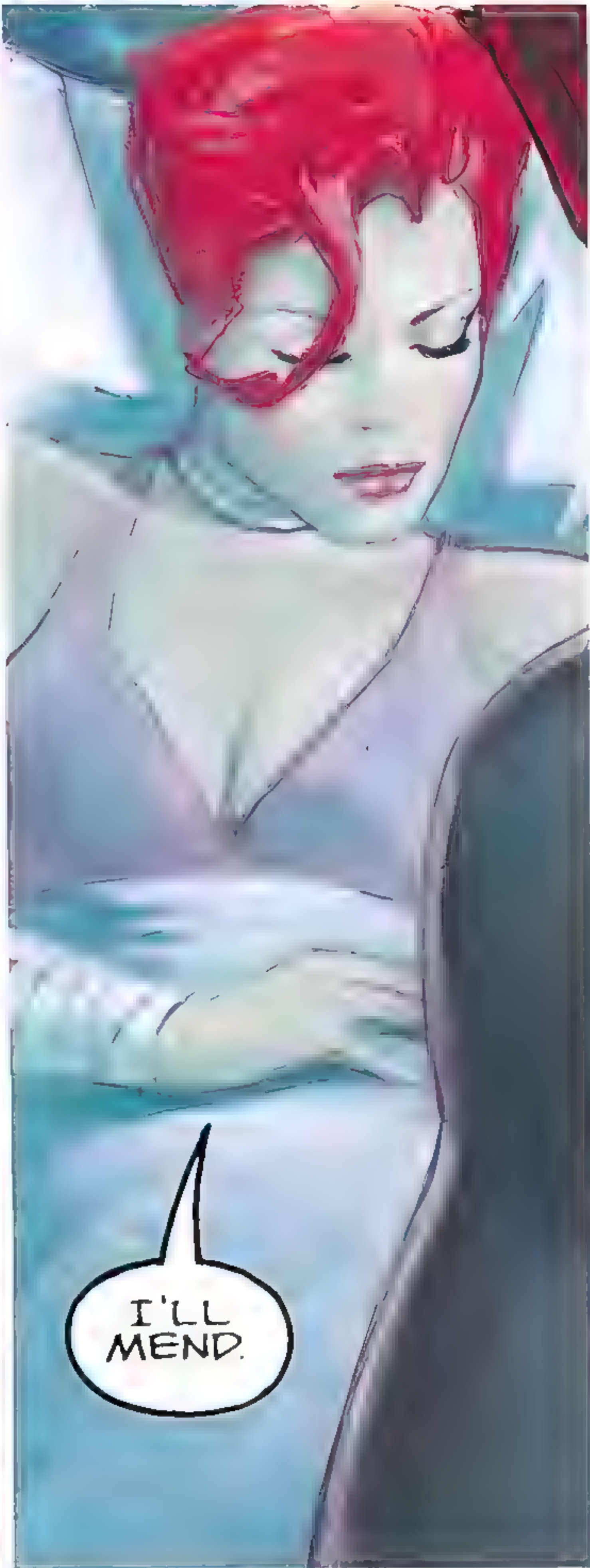
JUST NOT SOON
ENOUGH TO SAVE
WILSON AND
BANCROFT.



I'M
LUCKY YOU
GOT THERE
IN TIME FOR
ME.



HOW
YOU DOING,
TAS?



I'LL
MEND.



BUT HOW
ARE YOU
DOING?



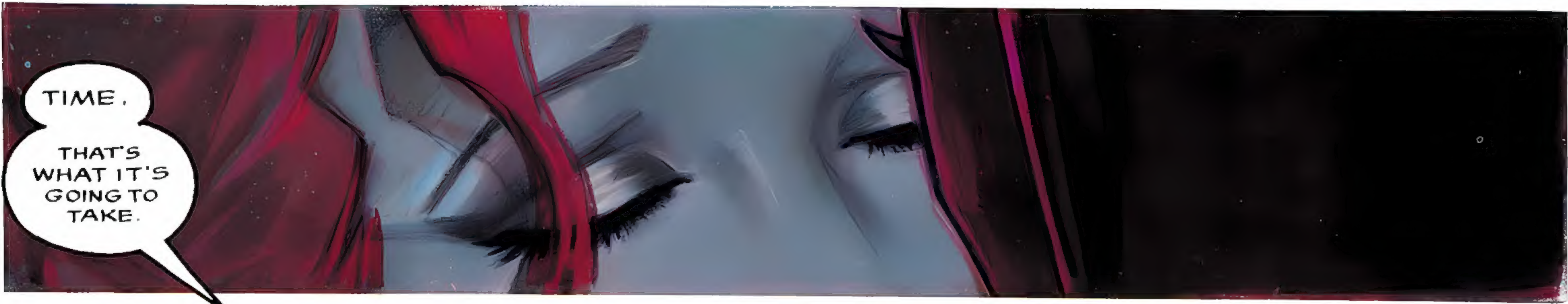
I SPENT 18 HOURS WITH
TWO MANIACS, GOT
TRAPPED IN THE **MIND**
OF ONE OF THEM.

SAW THE WORLD
THROUGH HER **TWISTED**
PERSPECTIVE, FELT
HER **SICK JOY**
IN BUTCHERY.

IN MANY
WAYS I ACTUALLY
BECAME **PART**
OF **ROSE.**

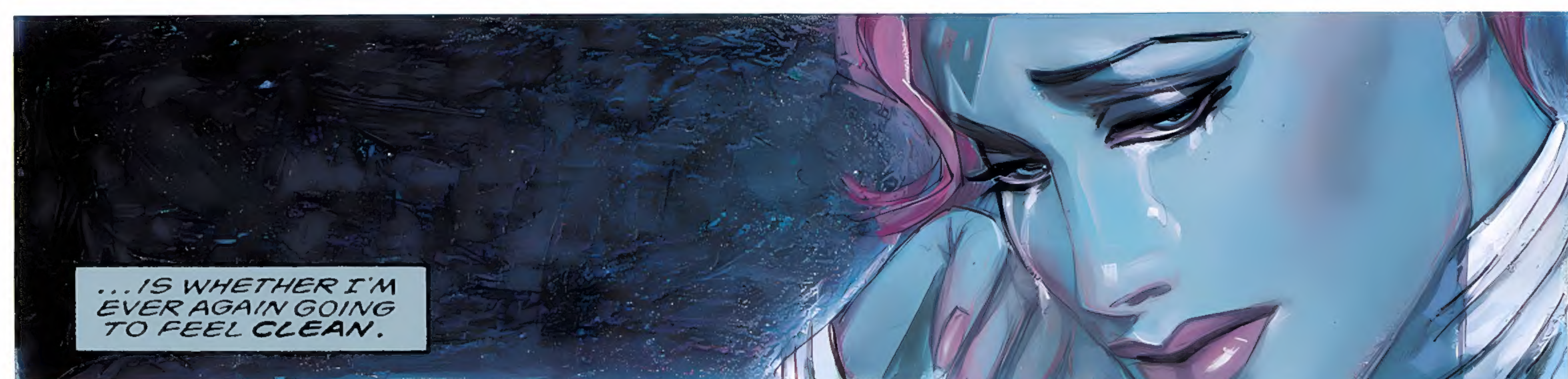
AND **SHE**
BECAME PART
OF **ME.**







THE ONLY THING I WONDER
ABOUT THOUGH...



...IS WHETHER I'M
EVER AGAIN GOING
TO FEEL CLEAN.

END

LOGO
ken lopez

DESIGNER
dawn geiger

PRODUCTION
steve bunche

MANUFACTURING COORDINATOR
christopher ebel

EDITORS
gregory wright
rob tokar

EDITOR IN CHIEF
tom defalco



Life is fluid. Some 90% of us is made up of water. Without this precious liquid we are nothing. We cease to exist. We're dead. This water's carried around in thin-skinned sacks. We must all be insane to race recklessly about in a world filled with so many sharp and pointed dangers.

That's just asking for trouble.

DAREDEVIL:

The man without fear.

BLACK WIDOW:

Beautiful and deadly master spy.

ABATTOIR:

Slaughterhouse.